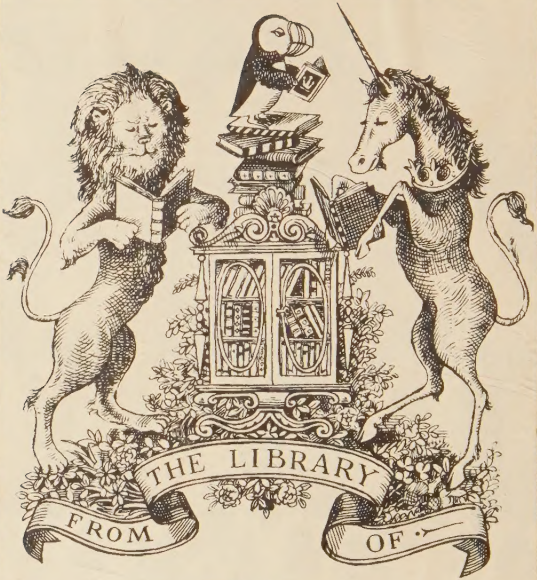
SHAKESPEARE'S

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

EVELYN SMITH, B.A.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THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

No. 25

KING MACBETH

From a pen-drawing by
E. Heber Thompson

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

EDITED BY

EVELYN SMITH, B.A.

"The reader acts the play himself in the theatre of his own mind."

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, LTD.
LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK

First published November 1925
Reprinted February 1926; July, November 1932; September 1933;
January, October 1934: September 1935: September 1936;
June, December 1937

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THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*
MALCOLM, *later created Prince of Cumberland,* } *his sons.*
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, *thane of Glamis, and cousin to the King, in command of the Scottish Army.*
BANQUO.
MACDUFF, *thane of Fife.*
LENNOX, }
ROSS, }
MENTEITH, } *Scottish noblemen.*
ANGUS, }
ROSS, }
CAITHNESS, }
FLEANCE, *son of* BANQUO.
SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland.*
YOUNG SIWARD, *his son.*
SEYTON, *attending on* MACBETH.
Son of Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scottish Doctor.
A Captain.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman, attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, *the queen of the witches.*
Three witches.
Three murderers.
Apparitions.

Thanes, soldiers, messengers, attendants

Scene: Scotland, England.
Time: Eleventh century.

INTRODUCTION

THE CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY AND THEIR ENVIRONMENT *

NOWADAYS a poet or an artist, re-creating legend or history of the past, attempts, as far as possible, to reproduce the manners and appearance of people of another age, and to show their environment as it actually must have been. He carefully avoids anachronism, or the introduction of anything out of keeping with the period to which his play or picture belongs. This desire for accuracy is comparatively modern. When Shakespeare dramatizes former history or an old story, he often alludes to matters unknown to the people of former times, and the stage manager of the Elizabethan theatre concerned himself little with the exact representation of the costume of the period when the events of the play were supposed to have taken place. For all this, the atmosphere of Shakespeare's plays varies with the story he tells and the age to which it belongs. No one could say that he saw the characters of *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Julius Cæsar* as men and women of the seventeenth century, and the environment in which they move as exactly that of seventeenth-century England. His imagination, in dramatizing a story springing from a place, re-created the place, not with insistence on every small detail, but with a general verisimilitude which satisfies the imagination of the reader. It is significant that the

* Paragraph 1 may be omitted by younger readers.

" atmosphere " of *Macbeth* is more suggestive of that wild far-off life in a bleak and strange country than is that of the modern *Gruach,* in which Mr. Gordon Bottomley has told the story of the first meeting of the hero and heroine of Shakespeare's play, with all the modern's consciousness of difference of period. This power of re-creation is that of great genius, working in a way which cannot be analysed or explained. But there is a likelihood that Shakespeare had actually seen the land to which the story of *Macbeth* belongs. Early in the seventeenth century his company is known to have travelled as far north as Aberdeen. There is no actual record that Shakespeare went with them, but it is difficult to read *Macbeth* and demand further evidence. Holinshed made the witches meet Macbeth " in the middes of a launde," Shakespeare on a " blasted heath," such as those bleak stretches of country which at once strike the eye and the imagination of the Englishman in the north. Shakespeare knew the " nimble and sweet air " of the Highlands. Malcolm's recognition of Ross as his countryman before he is aware of his identity suggests that Shakespeare pictured his Scottish characters in their national dress. Shakespeare makes his warrior Scot think contemptuously of the " English epicures." The story itself awoke his power to re-create the strangeness of an old time ; the suggestion of the environment of that story seems to have sprung to life from personal experience, as the travelling actors rode on a track across some wild and desolate waste of land.

Macbeth, then, does not bring to the mind a picture of seventeenth-century England. No one can, of course, say for certain how Shakespeare actually saw his characters. The modern artist, painting a scene from the play, or designing its setting, would base his ideas on what is now known of the dress of those who lived in Scotland in the eleventh century, and their environment, and, when we see it in the " theatre of

LADY MACBETH AS QUEEN

From a pen-drawing after Sargent's great painting by E. Heber Thompson

the mind," this way of picturing it seems as good as any.

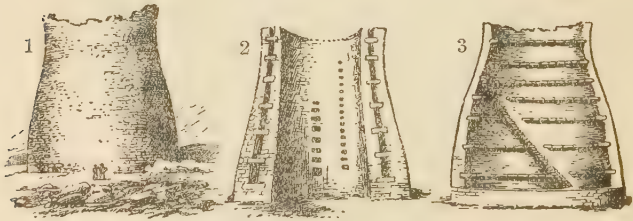
Of the physical appearance of the characters—with the exception of Malcolm's, suggested by his nickname "Canmore" (big head)—we know nothing except what they would have in common with the Highland type of the present day. More, though not very much, may be ascertained of the costume of those far-off times. The Celtic monuments of Scotland are worn by the ravages of the wild weather of the north, and the figures carved on them are to be made out with difficulty. The first historical mention of the distinctive dress of the Highlands is in the Icelandic sagas. A king of Norway harried the west coast of Scotland after the death of the Malcolm who is crowned king of Scotland at the end of Shakespeare's play, and, when he returned to Norway, he adopted the dress of the country he had ravaged. Both himself and his followers "went about barelegged, having short kirtles and upper wraps, and so men called him Barelegs." This upper wrap is spoken of in the old Gaelic poems as the "brecan," and is the modern "plaid." ("Plaid," in Scotland, is not used as an adjective, but as a noun, for the loose enveloping garment that now hangs from one shoulder in full Highland dress, but was originally wrapped round the body—as it is still worn by the shepherds on the hills.) This old poetry describes maidens as wearing rainbow-coloured dresses. The ancient monuments seem to give evidence of a kilt garment, a wrap like the plaid, jerkin and truis (trousers made of the same material as the jerkin, fitting right over the foot, and bound with thongs from knee to ankle), and plaid and truis.

One may imagine, then, the men characters of the play as clad in a costume which is the simplest form of the modern Highland dress—a short kilt of some woven material, a plaid of similar stuff, or of an animal's hide, and shoes of rough hide. The cheq-

MACDUFF

From a pen-drawing by
E. Heber Thompson

uered pattern, in colour and black and white, was known, but the distinctive clan tartans are of later origin. Some of the men will wear the thong-bound truis. The dress of the women is a long robe, girdled round the waist, and a mantle fastened in front with a great brooch. Both sexes wear jewelled ornaments —rings, armlets, of bronze and gold, some wrought in the form of serpents, with eyes of blue glass, some cut in leaf-like shapes, some of plain metal, some enamelled in rich colours, and brooches of the Celtic design, in the form of an almost complete ring, the two open ends of which spread into what resembles a trefoil or flower,



BROCH OF MOUSA, SHETLAND.

1. Exterior. 2. Section. 3. Section with inner wall removed.

while the ring is adorned with one of the beautiful characteristic patterns of interlacing lines or leaves. Weapons and armour are of the simplest kind. The soldiers carry sword, spear, and battle-axe. The shields or targets are round, made of bronze, or of wood and leather, with spiked boss. The bronze ones are adorned with beaten patterns, the leather ones studded with nailheads. The English soldiers appear much as in the Bayeux tapestry, in suits of woven chain-mail and pointed helmets. Their shields are long and pointed.

The Scottish castles of Glamis and Cawdor, and that near East Wemyss which is popularly called "Mac-

A SOLDIER IN "MACBETH"

From a pen-drawing by
E. Heber Thompson

duff's castle," are of very much later date than the eleventh century, and it is unlikely that Shakespeare had seen one of the ancient hill-forts or "brochs," which were the places of dwelling and defence for the nobles of Scotland of old. The "peel" or fortress of Lumphanan, on Deeside in Aberdeenshire, where Macbeth was killed in 1057, was a tower built on a mound, surrounded by a rampart, either built of earth topped with palisades, or of stones and earth. There are two underground rooms in the hill-fort of Dunsinane, roughly paved, and walled and roofed with stone. The broch was a tower built of rough stones round a court. The walls were so thick that rooms and passages could be hollowed out in them. These were lighted by windows looking into the central court. It would be very difficult for the martins (see p. 35) to find on the outer walls "jutty or frieze or coign of vantage" to nest. The architecture of the later Scottish castles developed on different lines, and the old hill-fort and broch would soon be disregarded and forgotten.

THE TEXT OF THE PLAY

The text is that of the First Folio, with the emendations established as necessary to the sense. Some of the most important of these are indicated on pages 145, 146. The stage directions are those of the First Folio, and any change or addition is shown in a footnote. Indications of scene are those suggested by Holinshed or by the text of the play, and any extra detail is supplied from what is known of the environment of the characters of this legend of Scotland in the eleventh century. For the castle in which Macbeth lived, and that in which Shakespeare seems to have imagined him, see pages 16, 35.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

ACT I

SCENE I

A bleak hillside.

[*Thunder and lightning. Enter three* Witches.]

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place ?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin !
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.
10 *Third Witch.* Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair :
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

1. *First witch.* In the Folio the witches are simply indicated as 1, 2, 3.
8. *Graymalkin,* A cat. The familiar spirits of the witches are embodied in the forms of these animals.
9. *Paddock,* A toad. 10. *Anon,* At once.

SCENE II

The royal camp near Forres.

[This is how Kean showed the royal camp: "*The scene was discovered in night and silence, a couple of semi-savage kerns were on guard, prowling to and fro with stealthy steps. A distant trumpet-call was heard, another in reply, another, and yet another; a roll of the drum—an alarum. In an instant the whole camp was alive with kerns and gallowglasses, who circled round the old king and the princes of the blood. The bleeding Sergeant was carried in upon a litter, and the scene was illuminated with the ruddy glare of burning pine-knots.*" —COLEMAN.]

[*Alarum within. Enter* KING, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Captain.]

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Cap. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
10 Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;

3. *Sergeant*, Of higher rank in the army than the petty officer who now bears the name, being a personal attendant on king or general.

13. *Kerns and gallowglasses*, Light-armed and heavy-armed Irish soldiers.

And fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's wench: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
20 Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swelled. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
30 Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
40 Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

14. *Quarry*, A hunting term, the object of the chase.
19. *Minion*, Darling, favourite.
30. *Skipping*, Flighty, untrustworthy, used here in its double sense.
31. *Vantage*, Opportunity. 36. *Sooth*, truth.
37. *Crack*, The discharge of a cannon.
40. *Golgotha* (the place of a skull), The scene of Christ's crucifixion.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit* Captain, *attended.*
Who comes here?

[*Enter* ROSS *and* ANGUS.]

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the king!
Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.
Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

45. *Thane*, A title of honour. The Saxon thane ranked below the earl; the Scottish thanes are created earls by Malcolm (Act V., page 108).
54. *Bellona*, The Roman goddess of war.
54. *Lapp'd in proof*, Clad in impenetrable armour.
59. *Composition*, Terms of peace.
61. *Saint Colme's inch*, The Inch or Island of Saint Columba, in the Firth of Forth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A heath. There are few trees, and those are black and blasted with wind and lightning. A rough track leads to Forres. The sky is dark and lowering, with a patch of broken white sunlight showing between the clouds.

[*Thunder. Enter the three* Witches.]

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—"Give me," quoth I:
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
10 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

6. *Aroint thee!* Begone!
6. *Ronyon,* A term of abuse. The point of the much-discussed "rump-fed" is, I think, the normal buxom and healthy appearance of the sailor's wife as contrasted with the withered haggard look of the witch. The epithet is the witch's counter-abuse to the woman's instinctive "Aroint thee, witch!"
17. *Card,* chart.

I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
20 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.
First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
30 *Third Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm 's wound up.

[*Enter* MACBETH *and* BANQUO.]

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these
40 So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,

20. *Pent-house*, Outhouse with sloping roof: so the "pent-house lid" is the eyelid, sloping from the face.
21. *Forbid*, Cursed (lit. "prayed against".)
23. *Peak*, Grow thin.
32. *Weird*, Connected with the mystery of fate (O.E. *wyrd*, fate, destiny).
33. Posters, Swift travellers.
44. Choppy, Chapped.

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?
First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
50 *Third Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!
Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
60 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
First Witch. Hail!
Sec. Witch. Hail!
Third Witch. Hail!
First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
70 *Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

53. *Fantastical*, Imaginary. 67. *Get*, Beget, be the father of.
71. *Sinel.* Holinshed says that Macbeth was son of Sinel. The mistake is due to Boethius, his authority, having misread the script of a yet older chronicler. Macbeth was really the son of Finleg or Finleach.

Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who 's here?

[*Enter* ROSS *and* ANGUS.]

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;

76. *Intelligence,* Information.
84. *The insane root.* Hemlock, henbane, and nightshade, all poisonous plants, were supposed to breed madness in those who ate of them.
98. *Post,* Messenger.

Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil speak true ?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives : why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes ?
Ang. Who was the thane lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To* ROSS *and* ANGUS] Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them ?
Ban. That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's

104. *Earnest*, Money given as a pledge. 106. *Addition*, Title.
112. *Line*, Strengthen, supply with.
114. *Wrack*, Another form of wreck, still used in the phrase "rack (wrack) and ruin."
116. *Glamis*. Notice what words Macbeth speaks "aside" in the following conversation. The stage direction is not given in Folio I.
121. *Enkindle you unto the crown*, Bring you forth as king.

In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
130 This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good : if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
140 Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner 's rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour : my dull brain was wrought
150 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,

134. *Suggestion*, Temptation.
140. *Function*, The working of his bodily senses.
141. *Surmise*, Imagination.

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

A room in the castle of Duncan at Forres. The walls are of roughly hewn stone, the floor is unevenly paved with stone. The furniture is of the simplest kind: a chest, a state seat, a stool, shaped from unpolished wood. Across the seat lies the pelt of some wild animal. The windows are narrow and deep-set, looking on to the central court.

[*Flourish. Enter* KING, LENNOX, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, *and* Attendants.]

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
10 To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

154. *Interim*, Interval.
10. *Owed*, Owned.
2. *My liege*, My lord.
11. *Careless*, Not taken care of.

[*Enter* MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.]

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:

34. *Wanton*, Unrestrained.

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor !
Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland ! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires ;
50 Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V

A room in Macbeth's castle at Inverness. Its furniture and general appearance resembles that of the apartment at Forres, in Scene IV.

[*Enter* MACBETH'S WIFE, *alone with a letter.*]

Lady M. " They met me in the day of success : and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me ' Thane of Cawdor ' ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with ' Hail, king that shalt
10 be ! ' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my

45. *Harbinger*, Forerunner. 6. *Missives*, Messengers.

dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promised : yet do I fear thy nature ;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way : thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition, but without
20 The illness should attend it : what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou 'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries " Thus thou must do, if thou have it,"
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
30 To have thee crown'd withal.

[*Enter* Messenger.]

What is your tidings ?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it :
Is not thy master with him ? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

17. *Milk of human kindness.* In its ordinary sense this seems so incompatible with the Macbeth described in Scene ii. that it has been interpreted as " the natural feelings of normal human nature." It is, however, quite in character that Lady Macbeth should use the phrase, which she does not regard as complimentary, in scornful exaggeration, mocking Macbeth as Goneril does her husband when she speaks of his " milky gentleness."

29. *Metaphysical*, Supernatural.

Mess. So please you, it is true : our thane is coming :
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending ;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
40 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood ;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
50 You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry " Hold, hold ! "

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence ?

35. *Had the speed of him*, Overtook and passed him.
41. *Mortal*, Death-bringing, as in the phrase " mortal wound."
45. *Compunctious*, Remorseful. 46. *Fell*, Fierce.
48. *Ministers*, Servants—attendants on " nature's mischief."
49. *Sightless*, Invisible.

60 *Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
70 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

Outside Macbeth's castle at Inverness. It is evening, the air is cold, fresh, and sweet, and the dark mass of the great castle wall shows now and then, illumined by the light of the pine-knot torches carried by the attendants.

[*Hautboys and torches. Enter* KING, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.]

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,

72. *Favour*, Countenance. Macbeth's expression shows too well what weighs upon his mind.
Hautboy, The oboe, a treble reed musical instrument.
4. *Martlet*, Martin.

By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
10 The air is delicate.

[*Enter* LADY.]

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house, for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
20 We rest your hermits.
Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever

7. *Coign of vantage*, Convenient corner.
8. *Procreant*, Producing offspring. The "procreant cradle" is the nest where the little birds are hatched out.
Enter Lady. Lady Macbeth is thus designated in the Folio stage directions.
13. *God 'ild*, common in the phrase "God 'ild you"—that is, "God yield, or pay you" (O.E. *gieldan*, to pay).
20. *We rest your hermits*, We shall pray for you, as if we were hermits bound to do so, on account of what you have given us.
22. *Purveyor*, The officer who went before the king to make needful preparations.

Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII

A small room in Macbeth's castle, off the gallery leading to the apartment where the banquet is prepared for Duncan.

[*Hautboys. Torches. Enter a* Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter* MACBETH.]

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust;

26. *Compt*, Old form of "count" or "account." They themselves and all that is theirs belong to the king, to be rendered up to him at any moment.

Sewer. It was his duty to set down and take away the dishes at the feast.

3. *Trammel*, A net; so "to trammel up" means "to hinder."

7. *Jump*, Risk.

11. *Chalice*, Cup.

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
20 The deep damnation of his taking-off ;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

[*Enter* LADY.]

How now ! what news ?
Lady M. He has almost supp'd : why have you left the chamber ?
30 *Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me ?
Lady M. Know you not he has ?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business :
He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
40 To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that

17. *Faculties*, Powers that go with his great position.
23. *Sightless*, Invisible.

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting " I dare not " wait upon " I would "
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

Macb. Prithee, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail ?

Lady M. We fail !
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only : when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,

45. *Adage*, Proverb. It is, " The cat would eat fish, and would not wet her feet."
48. *Break*, Communicate.
64. *Wassail*, Drunken revelry.
64. *Convince*, Overpower.
66. *Receipt of reason*, The brain.
67. *Limbeck*, Alembic, a vessel used by chemists for distillation. She sees the brain of the drunken servants as a vessel full of vapours.

What cannot you and I perform upon
70 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
80 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

72. *Quell*, Murder (O.E., *cwellan*, to kill).

ACT II

SCENE I

The central court of Macbeth's castle at Inverness. It is a dark night, without moon or stars, and the red glare of the torch shows only part of the thick mass of the castle, built round this court.

[*Enter* BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch before him.*]

Ban. How goes the night, boy ?
Fle. The moon is down ; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven ;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep : merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thought that nature
Gives way to in repose !

[*Enter* MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*]

Give me my sword.
10 Who's there ?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ? The king 's a-bed :
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

4. *Husbandry*, Thrift.

Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect ;
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters ;
20 To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them ;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose the while !
30 *Ban.* Thanks, sir ; the like to you !
[*Exit* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.
Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

13. *Largess*, Royal gifts.
13. *Offices*, The parts of the house used for domestic service.
16. *Shut up*. "Is" must be understood. The sense, of course, is that he is thoroughly satisfied with his entertainment at the castle.
25. *Consent*, Agreement, plot. "If you support me when I carry out what I meant to do, you shall receive some honour for it." (*Exit*, Show where Fleance must go out.)
28. *Bosom franchised*, Innermost soul free from guilt.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
40 I see thee yet in form as palpable
As this which now I draw,
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest ; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing :
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
50 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep ; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives :
60 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives,
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

36. *Sensible*, Capable of being apprehended by the senses.
46. *Dudgeon*, Hilt. 46. *Gouts*, Drops.
52. *Hecate*, Identical with Artemis or Diana, goddess of hunting and of the moon. The association of the moon with the mysteries of night led to the connection of Hecate with the rites of witchcraft, performed when "good things of day begin to droop and drowse." She came to be regarded as the queen of the witches.
53. *Alarum'd*, Older form of alarmed.

SCENE II

The same.

[*Enter* LADY.]

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold ;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark ! Peace !
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores ; I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

Macb. Who's there ? what, ho !
10 *Lady M.* Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 't is not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers ready ;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

My husband !

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

6. *Posset*, A hot thick drink, made by curdling milk with some acid liquid.

[*Enter Macbeth.*] Notice that she hears his voice before she knows he is in the dim castle court.

Macb. Did not you speak ?
Lady M. When ? Now ?
Macb. As I descended.
Lady M. I !
Macb. Hark !
20 Who lies i' the second chamber ?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder ! "
That they did wake each other : I stood and heard them :
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cried "God bless us ! " and "Amen" the other ;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
30 When they did say "God bless us ! "
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen" ?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

25. *Address'd them to*, Prepared themselves for.
37. *Sleeve*, has been read as "sleave" (see page 146), floss silk. If this emendation is accepted, "ravell'd" must be used in its sense of "tangled" ; if "sleeve" is retained, "ravell'd" means "untwisted," "unwoven."

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
40 Chief nourisher in life's feast,—
Lady M. What do you mean ?
Macb. Still it cried " Sleep no more ! " to all the house ;
" Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more."
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there ; go carry them ; and smear
50 The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on 't again I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers ; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures ; 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knock within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.
60 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

[*Enter* LADY.]

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking

62. *Incarnadine*, Dye red.

At the south entry ; retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it, then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knock.*] Hark ! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The same.

[*Enter a* Porter.]

[*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed ! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock ! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub ? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty : come in time : have napkins enow about you ; here you'll sweat for 't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock ! Who 's there, in the other devil 's name ? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale ; who committed treason enough

68. *Constancy*, Firmness of purpose.
2. *Old*, Commonly used in colloquial speech for the sake of emphasis.
9. *Equivocator.* In 1606 public interest was aroused in the doctrine of "equivocation," the justifiability of lying in certain circumstances, at the trial of the Jesuit Garnet, for his implication in the Gunpowder Plot. During his examination by the Privy Council Garnet committed perjury, and he upheld this act by the doctrine of equivocation, blaming the Council for blaming him for falsehood.

for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to
20 the everlasting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

[*Enter* MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.]

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?
Porter. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

Macd. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.
Len. Good morrow, noble sir.
Macb. Good morrow, both.
Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
30 I have almost slipp'd the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.

14. *French hose.* Not much material was needed for the short tight French trunk hose, and a tailor who could so economize in the cutting as to appropriate some of it for himself would be past master of this sort of trickery. Such jokes against the English tailor are common at this time.
15. *Goose,* A tailor's smoothing-iron, the handle of which resembles the neck of the goose.
29. *Timely,* Early, in good time.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit* MACDUFF.
Len. Goes the king hence to-day ?
Macb. He does : he did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly : where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down ; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woeful time : the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night : some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macb. 'T was a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

[*Enter* MACDUFF.]

Macd. O horror, horror, horror ! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee !
Macb. }
Len. } What 's the matter ?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building !
Macb. What is 't you say ? the life ?
Len. Mean you his majesty ?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon : do not bid me speak ;

35. *My limited service,* My appointed duty.
41. *Combustion,* Tumult, upheaval. 42. *Obscure,* Loving darkness.
55. *Gorgon,* In classical lore, one of three sisters, of hideous aspect, with snakes for hair. Whoever looked upon the face of the Gorgon Medusa was turned into stone.

See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENNOX.

Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*

[*Enter* LADY.]

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak;
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

[*Enter* BANQUO.]

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master 's murder'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

[*Enter* MACBETH, LENNOX, *and* ROSS.]

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,

57. *Alarum*, Alarm. 62. *Sprites*, Spirits.
65. *Parley*, Conference.

There 's nothing serious in mortality :
All is but toys ; renown and grace is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

[*Enter* MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.]

80 *Don.* What is amiss ?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom ?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't :
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood ;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows :
They stared, and were distracted ; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
90 *Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so ?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man ;
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood ;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
100 Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,

76. *Mortality*, Human life ; or, the ending of human life.
85. *Badged*, Marked as with a badge.
94. *Expedition*, Great haste.
95. *Pauser*. Reason, as opposed to emotion, generally makes a man pause to think twice.

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known ?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho !
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?
Don. What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us ?
Let 's away ;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
110 Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady :
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :
In the great hand of God I stand ; and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt.*
120 *Mal.* What will you do ? Let 's not consort with them :
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

105. *Argument*, Subject-matter of story or discussion. The dreadful tale that has just been unfolded affects the sons of Duncan more nearly than any one else.
107. *Auger-hole*, A hole as small as that pierced with the carpenter's *auger*, a boring tool. It is natural that such a metaphor should come into Donalbain's mind, full of the thought of the way in which his father met his death. Notice that Malcolm and Donalbain must speak in asides.
116. *Pretence*, Intention, design. Why must Banquo guess Macbeth to be guilty of treason ?

Don. To Ireland, I ; our separate fortune
Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
130 But shift away : there 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there 's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Outside Macbeth's castle. The morning is cold and dark, and in the atmosphere is that strange sense of lifelessness which comes with an eclipse of the sun.

[*Enter* Ross, *with an* old Man.]

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well :
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange ; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock, 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
10 When living light should kiss it ?
Old Man. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,

129. *Dainty of*, Particular about. They will not stay to say good-bye to any one. 130. *Warrant*, Justification.
12. *Towering*, Soaring, a technical term in falconry.

Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'T is said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.

[*Enter* MACDUFF.]

How goes the world, sir, now ?
Macd. Why, see you not ?
Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed ?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day !
What good could they pretend ?
Macd. They were suborn'd :
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled ; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still !
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means ! Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body ?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill,

24. *Suborn'd,* Procured by others to do evil. 28. *Ravin,* Devour.
31. *Scone.* The coronation place of the kings of Scotland. The "Stone of Destiny," on which the kings were crowned, was brought by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey.
33. *Colmekill,* The "kill" or holy place of St. Columba, who brought Christianity to Scotland. It is better known as Iona, the island burying-place of the former kings of Scotland.

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there : adieu !
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

Ross. Farewell, father.

40 *Old M.* God's benison go with you ; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt omnes.*

40. *Benison,* Blessing.

ACT III

SCENE I

A room in the castle at Forres.

[*Enter* BANQUO.]

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

[*Sennet sounded. Enter* MACBETH, *as king,* LADY, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.]

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Stage direction. So Folio: "Lady Macbeth as queen" is usually given in later editions. Throughout the Folio describes Lady Macbeth simply as "Lady" in stage directions.
13. *All-thing,* Altogether. 14. *Solemn,* Ceremonial.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me ; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon ?
20 *Ban.* Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride ?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
30 *Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?
Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon 's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
40 Farewell ! [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night : to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you !
[*Exeunt* Lords.
Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men
Our pleasure ?

22. *Still*, Always.
45. *Sirrah*, Often used in addressing servants, as here, or children, as in Act IV., Scene ii.

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit* Servant.
To be thus is nothing.
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear : and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked ; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him : then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings :
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance ! Who 's there ?

[*Enter* Servant, *and two* Murderers.]

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit* Servant.

56. *Genius*, According to the old Roman belief, the guardian spirit of man, coming into existence with him at birth, and accompanying him throughout his life. A Soothsayer warns Antony against the power of the genius of Octavius Cæsar to daunt his, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. 3.
64. *No son of mine.* Authorities differ as to whether Lulach was Macbeth's son or his stepson.
65. *Filed*, Defiled.
72. *Champion me*, Fight against me in single combat.
72. *To the utterance*, To the very end ; to death.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?
First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self : this I made good to you
80 In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say " Thus did Banquo."
First Mur. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go ? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
90 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever ?
First Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs : the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
100 Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike : and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,

75. *First Murderer.* The murderers are indicated in Folio 1 as 1, 2, 3.
80. *Pass'd in probation*, Proved. 83. *Notion*, Intellect.
92. *Catalogue*, The general classification—the " valued file " makes a more informative division according to the qualities and values. 94. *Shoughs*, Shaggy dogs.
94. *Water-rugs*, Rough-haired water dogs.

Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it ;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
110 Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
120 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down ; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most

104. *Bosoms.* To "put a thing in a man's bosom" is "to entrust it to him in strictest confidence."

116. *In such bloody distance,* Near enough to take my very life-blood—as long as he lives. The metaphor is from two men fighting with swords or rapiers.

120. *Avouch it,* Maintain my right to do what I had done.

I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;
130 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't ; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace ; always thought
That I require a clearness : and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart :
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

140 *Macb.* I'll call upon you straight : abide within.
[*Exeunt* Murderers.
It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

The Palace

[*Enter* MACBETH'S LADY *and a* Servant.]

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

130. *The perfect spy o' the time.* It has been suggested that this is the third murderer, but it may merely mean right information as to the best moment at which to act.

134. *Rub,* An irregularity in the surface of a bowling-green, used generally in the sense of a flaw or an obstacle.

134. *Botches,* Clumsy patches, imperfections.

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
10 Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on ? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard : what 's done is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it :
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,
20 Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady M. Come on ;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :
30 Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.

13. *Scotch'd,* Cut or slashed. A snake quickly recovers from such a wound.
22. *Ecstasy,* Used by Shakespeare for any state of mind when one is "beside oneself." Here it means "anguish."
34. *Vizards,* Masks.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.
Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
40 Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What 's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
50 Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Near the Castle of Forres, a few steps along the footpath which diverges from the wider track for horses, and is a quick way to the castle gate. There are streaks of red in the west, but the sky is rainy and wild.

42. *Shards*, The scaly wing-cases of the beetle.
45. *Chuck*, Chick, a common term of endearment.
46. *Seeling*, Blinding, a term of falconry. The eyelids of the wild young hawk were sewn together with fine silk while it was being tamed.
51. *Rooky*, May mean "gloomy," "dark," or be used in the obvious sense, "frequented by rooks."

[*Enter three* Murderers.]

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us ?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark ! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho !
Sec. Mur. Then 't is he : the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile : but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Sec. Mur. A light, a light !

[*Enter* BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*]

Third Mur. 'T is he.
First Mur. Stand to 't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
Ban. O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly !
Thou mayst revenge. O slave !
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light ?
First Mur. Was 't not the way ?

17. *Let it come down . . . Fly, Fleance.* Supply stage directions.

20 *Third Mur.* There 's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let 's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

An apartment in the castle. On a pinewood trestle table a feast is set out. The bowls are of beaten bronze, enamelled in leafy interlacing patterns of rich colours, the drinking cups of bronze or stone, with two, three, or four handles, the platters of metal or clay, all wrought with the zigzag Celtic design. Benches are set at the table for the guests. At a little distance from it is the state seat, where Lady Macbeth sits, crowned queen. She does not at once welcome the guests, as Macbeth does.

[*Banquet prepared. Enter* MACBETH, LADY, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.]

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

20. *The son is fled.* According to Holinshed, Fleance escaped into Wales, married the daughter of the prince of that country, and had a son Walter, afterwards Lord High Steward of Scotland, and called Walter Steward. From him were descended the Stewart or Stuart kings.

5. *State,* A state chair with a canopy.

[*Enter First* Murderer.]

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' the midst :
Be large in mirth ; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. There 's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.
Macb. 'T is better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd ?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air :
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo 's safe ?
Mur. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that :
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm that 's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone : to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again. [*Exit* Murderer.
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a-making,

Enter First Murderer. How far will he come in ? Supply stage direction after "The table round."
19. *Nonpareil*, One without equal. 29. *Worm*, Serpent.
34. *Vouch'd*, guaranteed good. She is thinking of hospitable exhortations to eat and drink.

'T is given with welcome : to feed were best at home ;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer !
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !
Len. May 't please your highness sit.

[*Enter the Ghost of* BANQUO, *and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*]

40 *Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present ;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance !
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macb. The table 's full.
Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where ?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness ?
Macb. Which of you have done this ?
Lords. What, my good lord ?
50 *Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it : never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends : my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth : pray you, keep seat ;
The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well : if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion :
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man ?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
60 Which might appal the devil.

36. *From thence*, Away from home.
36. *Ceremony*, The adornments of hospitable courtesy.
57. *Passion*, Used for any strong emotion, here, suffering.

Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
70 Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.
Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
80 And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

60. *Proper*, generally means "handsome" in Elizabethan English; here used contemptuously—"fine stuff!" that is, absolute nonsense.
63. *Flaws*, Sudden gusts, here, of uncontrollable emotion.
71. *Charnel-houses*, Places where the bones of the dead are laid.
74. *I saw him.* When does the ghost vanish?
76. *Weal*, State. The expression means "purged it into gentleness." This is the figure of speech called prolepsis—that is, dating the event before its proper time. The state was not "gentle" until "purged by humane statute."

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine ; fill full.

[*Enter* Ghost.]

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! let the earth hide thee !
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 't is no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence !
Why, so : being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you sit still.

93. *Avaunt*, Begone. 95. *Speculation*, Power of seeing.
101. *Hyrcan*. Hyrcania, the region south of the Caspian, seems to have had a reputation for its tigers. 102. *Nerves*, Sinews.
105. *Inhabit*, Dwell, remain. Henley compares Milton's use of the word in this way : "Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven."

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
110 With most admired disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
120 But go at once.
Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt* Lords.
Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

110. *Admired*, Wondered at.
Exeunt lords. Folio has "exit lords."
124. *Augurs*, Soothsayers.
124. *Understood relations*, The mystical bearing of things upon one another, understood by the soothsayer and magician—who know the meaning of the flight of birds, the way in which the stars influence the fate of man, and so on.
125. *Magot-pie*, Magpie.
125. *Chough*, Jackdaw.

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
130 *Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
140 Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

A heath

[*Thunder. Enter the three* Witches, *meeting* HECATE.]

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

142. *Self-abuse*, self-delusion.
2. *Beldam*, Contemptuous term for an old woman.

10 And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone.
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
20 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
30 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security is mortals' chiefest enemy.
[*Music and a song.*
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.
[*Song within, "Come away, come away," etc. Exit.*
First Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

15. *Acheron*, A river of the under-world.
21. *Dismal*, In its literal sense of evil, unlucky.
32. *Security*, False confidence.
Come away. For the words of the song see page 150.

SCENE VI

Outside the castle at Forres

[*Enter* LENNOX, *and another* Lord.]

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth : marry, he was dead :
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled : men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
10 To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep ?
Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
20 What 't were to kill a father ; so should Fleance.
But, peace ! for from broad words and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace : sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself ?
Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received

4. *Marry*, a common exclamation, from the oath by the Virgin Mary.
10. *Fact*, Action.
13. *Thralls*, Slaves.
19. *An't please*, If it please.

Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect : thither Macduff
30 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward :
That, by the help of these—with Him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours :
All which we pine for now : and this report
Hath so exasperate their king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff ?

40 *Lord.* He did : and with an absolute "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed !

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I

A cleft in the hill, almost in the form of a room, the abode of the three witches. A cauldron is set on a red fire.

[*Thunder. Enter the three* Witches.]

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries 'T is time, 't is time.
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot.
10 *All.* Double, double toil and trouble.
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,

3. *Harpier.* The familiar of the third witch may be in the guise of a harpy-like creature, with the body of a woman, the feet, claws, and wings of a bird of prey. In this case "harpier" is a misprint for "harpy." It has been suggested that the word is a proper name, belonging to the familiar spirit of the third witch. For other such names, see song on page 151.

For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
20 *All.* Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
30 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

[*Enter* HECATE *and the other three* Witches.]

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
40 Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song:* "Black Spirits," etc.
Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

23. *Mummy.* A concoction of mummy was supposed to be an efficacious drug.
24. *Ravin'd,* Gorged with the prey it has devoured.
28. *Sliver'd,* Cut off. 30. *Chaudron,* Entrails.
Enter Hecate, etc. This stage direction in the First Folio emphasizes the separation of the Hecate scenes, giving her three attendants of her own. See page 151 *et seq.*
Black spirits. For the words of the song see page 151.

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Sec. Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We'll answer.
First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?
Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

[*Thunder. First* Apparition: *an armed Head.*]

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

56. *Germens*, The seeds or germs from which the world of nature springs.

First Witch. He knows thy thought.
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.
[*He descends.*
70 *Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

[*Thunder. Second* Apparition: *a bloody Child.*]

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'ld hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
80 But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

[*Thunder. Third* Apparition: *a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*]

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

81. *A bond,* A binding agreement, forcing fate to keep its promise.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
90 Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
100 Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*
First Witch. Show!
Sec. Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

[*A show of Eight* Kings, *and* BANQUO *last, with a glass in his hand.*]

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
110 Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,

92. *Impress*, Force into military service.
93. *Bodements*, Forebodings.
A show, etc. So the Folio. Later editors give—"the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's ghost following." Why was this change made?

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out till the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [Apparitions *vanish.*]
What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

[*Enter* LENNOX.]

Len. What 's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.

114. *Crack of doom*, The great thunder-clap heralding the Day of Judgment.
118. *Two-fold balls and treble sceptres.* "A compliment to King James I., who first united the two islands and three kingdoms under one head."—Warburton.
120. *Bolter'd*, Clotted.
124. *Sprites*, Spirits.
127. *Antic*, Grotesque, fantastic.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?
Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England!
140 *Len.* Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits.
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
150 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A room in Macduff's castle at Fife. In appearance it resembles the castle rooms of Forres and Inverness.

[*Enter* MACDUFF'S WIFE, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.]

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Wife. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
10 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
20 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
Wife. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.
Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
30 I take my leave at once. [*Exit* ROSS.
Wife. Sirrah, your father 's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.
Wife. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
Wife. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

9. *Natural touch,* That is, the natural feeling of the parent for the children.
35. *Gin,* A snare.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
40 *Wife.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
Wife. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
Wife. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?
Wife. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
50 *Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
Wife. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.
Wife. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him: if you
60 would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
Wife. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

[*Enter a* Messenger.]

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

55. *Enow*, Enough.

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly :
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
70 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Messenger.
Wife. Whither should I fly ?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world ; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm ?

[*Enter* Murderers.]

What are these faces ?
First Mur. Where is your husband ?
Wife. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
80 Where such as thou mayst find him.
First Mur. He 's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain !
First Mur. What, you egg ! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery !
Son. He has kill'd me, mother :
Run away, I pray you ! [*Exit, crying "Murder."*

SCENE III

Outside Edward the Confessor's castle at Westminster, described by William Fitzstephen in the twelfth century

69. *Fell*, Fierce.
Exit, crying "Murder." Thus the direction in Folio I ; later editions make the child die on the stage. Notice the difference of the "Run away, I pray you" if this is done.

as "an incomparable structure furnished with breastwork and a bastion" (that is, a kind of tower at the angles of a fortification). It is a fortified "hall," built, like the Scottish hill-forts, for strength, and with none of the more elaborate beauty that the Normans brought to later English castle building.

[*Enter* MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.]

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom : each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe I'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
10 As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have loved him well.
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
20 In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon ;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose :
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :

3. *Mortal*, Death-bringing. 8. *Dolour*, Grief.
19. *Recoil*, That is, from what is right.

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
30 But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
40 It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
50 *Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth

29. *Jealousies*, Suspicions. 34. *Affeer'd*, Fixed, confirmed.

Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : but there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness : better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A staunchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house :
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own : all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none : the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,

61. *Voluptuousness*, Intemperate sensual pleasure.
66. *Affection*, Nature. 77. *Foisons*, Abundant harvests.
78. *Portable*, Endurable.

Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

90 *Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
100 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
110 Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure

96. *Interdiction*, A prohibition of the Pope restraining a priest from performing the divine service. Malcolm bans himself, showing he is unfit for the sacred office of kingship.
107. *Trains*, Tricks.
108. *Modest wisdom*, Ordinary common sense.

The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
120 Was this upon myself: what I am truly
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

[*Enter a* DOCTOR.]

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?
130 *Doct.* Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch—
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—
They presently amend.
Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit.*
Macd. What's the disease he means?
Mal. 'T is call'd the evil.
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,

125. *Goodness*, Good luck, success.
126. *Warranted*, Justifiable.
131. *Convinces*, Vanquishes.
132. *Assay*, Attempt.
132. *Art*, That is, the art of the doctor.
135. *The evil.* Scrofula was known as "king's evil," because it was believed that the touch of the king, God's anointed, would cure it. James I., notorious for his superstition, was proud of exercising this healing gift.

Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
140 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

[*Enter* Ross.]

Macd. See, who comes here ?
Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.
150 *Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers !
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?
Ross. Alas, poor country !
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell
160 Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true !
Mal. What 's the newest grief ?

142. *Stamp*, Coin, stamped with the royal image.
159. *Modern*, Commonplace.
162. *Or ere.* Both words are from O.E. *aer*, meaning *before.* They are often used together, perhaps for emphasis.
163. *Nice*, Minutely accurate.

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife ?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children ?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?
Ross. No ; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes 't ?
170 *Ross.* When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;
180 An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast ?
Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe ; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

165. *Teems*, Brings forth. 171. *Heavily*, Sadly.
184. *Latch*, Catch.
185. *Fee-grief*, Grief that is one's own private " fee " or property.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
190 *Ross.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
200 *Macd.* My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted;
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
210 But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

195. *Quarry.* A hunting term, meaning a heap of dead game. For another meaning see page 21.
209. *Dispute it,* Contend it. 215. *Demerits,* Deserts.

Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

221. *Intermission.* Interval. 225. *Power*, Army.

ACT V

SCENE I

Within the castle of Dunsinane.

[*Enter a* Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman.]

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked ?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

10 *Doct.* A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching ! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say ?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me ; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one ; having no wit-
20 ness to confirm my speech.

11. *Watching*, Waking.

[*Enter* LADY, *with a taper.*]

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

30 *Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why then 't is time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need
40 we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

50 *Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the

Enter Lady, with a taper, is the Folio stage direction.

21. *Her very guise*, Just the appearance and behaviour of which I was telling you.

perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

60 *Gent.* Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed! there 's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand.
70 What 's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets;
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
80 And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight,
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

79. *Annoyance*, Injury—used in a far stronger sense than the modern one.
81. *Mated*, Brought to confusion, a term from the game of chess.

SCENE II

The country north of Birnam wood, which can be seen in the distance, over a stretch of moorland.

[*Drum and colours. Enter* MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, Soldiers.]

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we meet them; that way are they coming.
Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not; I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
10 And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he 's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel

1. *Power*, Army. 3. *Dear*, Heartfelt. 5. *Mortified*, deadened.
12. *Great Dunsinane.* "Howbeit some of his friends advised him . . . either to make some agreement with Malcolm, or else to flee with all speed into the Isles, and to take his treasure with him, to the end he might wage certain great Princes of the realm to take his part, and retain strangers, in whom he might better trust than in his own subjects, which stole daily from him; but he had such confidence in his prophecies, that he believed he should never be vanquished, till Birnam wood were brought to Dunsinane, nor yet be slain with any man, that should be or was born of any woman" (Holinshed).

His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands move only in command,
20 Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there ?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly owed :
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
30 To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

[*Enter* MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.]

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus :
" Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
10 Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

[*Enter* Servant.]

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !
Where got'st thou that goose look ?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain ?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, wheyface ?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit* Servant.
Seyton !—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton !

[*Enter* SEYTON.]

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?
Macb. What news more ?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'T is not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.

15. *Patch*, Fool.
17. *Counsellors to fear*, Advising others, as it were, to feel afraid.

Send out moe horses ; skirr the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor ?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
40 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs ; I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
50 Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence ? Hear'st thou of them ?
Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
60 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.
Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

35. *Moe*, More. 35. *Skirr*, Ride swiftly, scour.

SCENE IV

Country near Birnam wood.

[*Drum and colours. Enter* MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, SIWARD'S SON, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*]

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us ?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear 't before him : thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Soldiers. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
10 Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'T is his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
20 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

9. *Keeps*, Dwells.

SCENE V

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

[*Enter* MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*]

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is still " They come " : our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn ; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up :
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.
[*A cry within of women.*
What is that noise ?
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
10 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't : I have supp'd full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.
Wherefore was that cry ?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
20 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player

Line 9. It seems unnecessary to send Seyton out and bring him back in line 15, as some editors do.
11. *Fell*, Skin. *Fell of hair*, Scalp.

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

[*Enter a* Messenger.]

Thou comest to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.
30 *Mess.* Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave !
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
40 Till famine cling thee ; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth : " Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane : " and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out !
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
50 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell ! Blow, wind ! come wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

40. *Cling*, Shrivel up. 51. *Wrack*, Another form of wreck.
52. *Harness*, Armour.

SCENE VI

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

[*Drum and colours. Enter* MALCOLM, SIWARD, MACDUFF, *and their* Army, *with boughs.*]

Mal. Now near enough : your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak : give them all breath,
10 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII

Another part of the field.

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

Macb. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What 's he
That was not born of woman ! Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

4. *Battle*, Division of an army.
2. *Course*, A technical term in bear-baiting, one "round," as it were, of the sport. Holinshed makes Macbeth flee as soon as he realizes the numbers of the enemy, and Macduff follows him up to Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire.

[*Enter young* SIWARD.]

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name 's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
10 *Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*Fight, and young Siward slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of a woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

[*Alarums. Enter* MACDUFF.]

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face !
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves : either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
20 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be ;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune !
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

[*Enter* MALCOLM *and* SIWARD.]

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle 's gently render'd ;

22. *Bruited*, Announced.

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

SCENE VIII

Another part of the field.

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

[*Enter* MACDUFF.]

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn !
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back ; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words :
My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out ! [*Fight : alarum.*
Macb. Thou losest labour :
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
10 With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm ;

1. *The Roman fool.* Many a noble Roman general perished by his own hand rather than face the dishonour of defeat. In Shakespeare's Roman plays Brutus and Antony end their lives thus.
9. *Intrenchant,* Cannot be cut or wounded.

And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
20 That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time :
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
" Here may you see the tyrant."
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
30 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries " Hold, enough ! "

[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums. Enter fighting, and* MACBETH *slain. Retreat and flourish. Enter, with drum and colours,* MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, Thanes, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siw. Some must go off : and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt :
40 He only lived but till he was a man ;

Enter fighting. They go out and come in again. Many editors retain only the Folio stage direction " *Exeunt fighting,*" but there is very little doubt that a hand-to-hand combat like this would be shown on the seventeenth-century stage. Does Macduff go out after he has slain Macbeth ?

The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead ?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field : your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before ?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he !
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death :
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He 's worth no more :
They say he parted well, and paid his score :
And so, God be with him ! Here comes newer comfort.

[*Enter* MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head.*]

Macd. Hail, king ! for so thou art : behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head : the time is free :
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine :
Hail, King of Scotland !

All. Hail, King of Scotland ! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,

With Macbeth's head. "This was the end of Macbeth, after he had reigned seventeen years over the Scottish men. In the beginning of his reign he accomplished many worthy acts, right profitable to the commonwealth, but afterwards by illusion of the devil he defamed the same with most terrible cruelty. He was slain in the year of the incarnation 1057" (Holinshed).

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
70 Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place :
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

(*With special reference to the time of the composition of "Macbeth" and the other great tragedies.*)

To the early years of the seventeenth century belong Shakespeare's great tragedies. For a time his mind was engrossed with the dramatic representation of the sorrowful things of life: the struggle of man with a destiny which, whether it be shaped by his own free-will or by some mysterious force without his power, is hostile to him; the ruin of a noble spirit by some characteristic in which dwell at once its strength and weakness, its pride and its disgrace; the grievous dealings of human beings with one another: the problem of evil. The tragic themes of *Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, King Lear, Timon of Athens, Antony and Cleopatra,* and *Coriolanus* follow one another in rapid succession between the years of 1601 and 1609. The other plays written during this period, *Troilus and Cressida* and *Measure for Measure,* cannot be called comedies: in them human folly and vice is exposed with contempt and distaste, rather than with the gay detachment or humorous appreciation that went to the creation of Shakespeare's great comic characters and episodes, and their "happy endings" seem forced, leaving the audience incredulous and unsatisfied.

How far a man's own experience is reflected in his work is a question which has been and will be discussed a thousand times without definite conclusion. The reactions of great genius to the events of life, the five-act tragedy which, says Carlyle, we must all play, are sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker, than those of ordinary men. Always they appear to be different. The power of the imagination to create what seems more real than life itself from suggestion which, to the average mind, is fruitless, is a mystery the comprehension of which needs a larger knowledge of humanity than we possess. Mr. Frank Harris sees in Shakespeare's tragedies the physical and mental agony of a man nearly maddened by his passion for a bewitching woman, false and cruel, and analyses them in the light of his supposed unhappy love story in London, with the "dark lady" to whom many of his sonnets are addressed, as the heroine, and the "worser spirit" of his life. Such theories are of interest, and one learns much of Shakespeare—and of other people—in upholding or confuting them. But practically all our evidence in such a conflict must be drawn from what Shakespeare wrote—from his sonnets, which may or may not chronicle personal experience, from his narrative poems, and from his plays, where characters have their own individual life apart from that of their creator, so that in one sense we learn much of him, in another nothing.

The actual recorded facts about Shakespeare indicate a successful life. For a short time during his young manhood his family knew reverses of fortune, and his own way of livelihood may have been precarious; but, by the early seventeenth century, when he devoted himself to the great themes of tragedy, his material prosperity was assured. He belonged to the company known after 1603 as the King's Servants, or the King's Men, and his salary as an actor was a good one. For his plays he was, according to the standard

of the time, well paid, and he had shares in the Globe and the Blackfriars Theatres. Sir Sidney Lee has calculated that his income would be over £600, and, as the purchasing power of money at that time was eight times what it was in our century before the war, this stands for a very fair sum. In 1597 Shakespeare had bought the biggest residence in his native town of Stratford, the Great House of Sir Hugh Clopton, renamed it New Place, and set about improving the building and the gardens. Here he was to settle on retirement from his profession. Early in the seventeenth century he purchased land near and in Stratford, and, on his father's death, he inherited the two houses in Henley Street which, in the nineteenth century, were converted into the single dwelling now known as "Shakespeare's house." All we know of his affairs show him to have been practical and businesslike, establishing the fortunes of his family on a firm basis, increasing his estate with discrimination, insisting on the recovery of debts, however small. In Stratford, though he visited it seldom before finally settling there, he was a man of importance on account of the property he owned; in London, when members of his company were publicly honoured, he was among the number. He acted at Greenwich Palace before Elizabeth and at Wilton House before James. When, in 1604, the king entered London after the cessation of the plague, he was one of the actors chosen to walk in the procession accompanying him, and granted cloaks of scarlet cloth for the occasion. His first published work, the poem *Venus and Adonis*, had been dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. Favoured by royalty, enjoying the patronage of the noble, blest with many friends among dramatists and actors, honoured before the close of the sixteenth century as "most excellent" in tragedy and comedy, able to repair the fortunes of his family and to purchase an estate in his native town—Shakespeare certainly did

not undergo that neglect during lifetime and praise after death that have been described as the common lot of genius. What may have been the sorrows of his spirit we cannot tell. Bereavement he certainly suffered, as most men must, but as far as we know from actual recorded fact, no abnormal calamity of deprivation befell him. And yet it seems as if utter anguish of body and spirit must have tortured the man who made the wretched Gloucester cry,—

> " As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
> They kill us for their sport—",

who framed Macbeth's dreadful description of life,—

> " It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
> Signifying nothing—",

and who, in his greatest tragedies, tested the extremities of human conflict and sounded the depths of human evil. Of all this we can say nothing. We have the evidence of our few facts. " The rest is silence."

Chief Recorded Events of the Life of Shakespeare.

(Apart from the Period described above.)
(*For reference.*)

Before 1600.

1564. On April 26 William Shakespeare baptized at the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon. He is the first son and third child of *John Shakespeare*, a trader in agricultural produce, and holder of various important municipal offices in Stratford (four years after the poet's birth he was " bailiff " or mayor of the town),

and of *Mary Arden*, who came of good yeoman stock.

1582. At the age of eighteen Shakespeare marries *Ann Hathaway*, eight years older than himself, daughter of a farmer of Shottery, a little village near Stratford. It is generally supposed that the marriage was not a happy one. Much has been made of a passage in *Twelfth Night*, where the Duke gives advice to his page,—

> "Then let thy love be younger than thyself
> Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
> For women are as roses, whose fair flower
> Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour,"—

of Shakespeare's long absences from Stratford, and of the fact that the sole bequest to his wife in his will is the "second best bed with its furniture."

1583. Birth of Shakespeare's daughter Susanna.

1584. Birth of his twin children, Judith and Hamnet. The boy died at the age of eleven.

1592. The poet and dramatist Robert Greene, in a pamphlet called *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, attacks a young actor as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes factotum is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in the country." Obviously Shakespeare is meant, and, by this time, he must have left Stratford for London and the theatre. Later, the publisher of this pamphlet apologizes for Greene's ill-natured attack, and speaks of Shakespeare as "excellent in the quality he professes."

Quality, The old technical term for the profession of the actor.

1593, 1594. Publication of the poems *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, both dedicated to the Earl of Southampton.

1594. Shakespeare mentioned as one of the actors of the Lord Chamberlain's company. He plays before the Queen at Greenwich.

1596. The College of Heralds grants John Shakespeare a coat-of-arms. He is known to have been in financial difficulties before this date. It is thought probable that his son returned to Stratford in this, the year of his little son's death, and established the fortunes of the family on a firmer basis.

1597. Shakespeare buys New Place at Stratford.

1598. *Francis Meres*, a divine and schoolmaster, publishes his *Palladis Tamia* (Treasury of Wit), in which he praises Shakespeare as the greatest dramatist of his time. He mentions his narrative poems, his "sugred sonnets among his private friends," * six comedies (*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, Love's Labour's Won,* † *Midsummer Night's Dream,* and *Merchant of Venice*), and six tragedies (*Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus, Romeo and Juliet*).

After 1606

1607. Shakespeare's elder daughter Susanna marries Dr. John Hall. Their daughter Elizabeth was the only grandchild Shakespeare lived to see. She was the last surviving direct descendant of the poet.

* It was not unusual for poets to circulate their sonnets in manuscript among their friends. Shakespeare's were not published until 1609.

† Perhaps *All's Well that Ends Well.*

1611. Shakespeare settles at Stratford.

1616. Shakespeare's younger daughter Judith marries Thomas Quiney, son of one of his old friends. Of their three sons, one died in infancy, the other two in young manhood.

1616. Death of Shakespeare (April 23). He is buried in Stratford Parish Church, and over his grave are inscribed these lines:—

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
> To dig the dust enclosed heare;
> Bleste be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves these bones."

THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

It was at the *Globe Theatre* that a certain Simon Forman saw the performance of what was probably Shakespeare's *Macbeth.* The *Globe* was built on Bankside from the fabric of the demolished *Theater*, one of the two playhouses existing when Shakespeare first came to London in 1584 or 1585. The *Rose, Swan,* and *Blackfriars* theatres and the Bear Garden, later reconstructed as the *Hope,* to be used at will for the representation of plays or the spectacle of bear-baiting, were all situated on the river, and it was fashionable to go by water of an afternoon to the Bankside to enjoy whatever its houses of entertainment might have to offer. This was at the end of the sixteenth century. The *Globe* was new when the Prologue to *Henry V.* alludes to it—

> May we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

There is no detailed record of the actual appearance of this famous old theatre. It had stood for

only fourteen years when, during a performance of *Henry VIII.*, "set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting on the stage," the discharge of two small cannon set fire to the thatch of the roof, and in a short time the whole theatre was burnt to the ground. It was rebuilt in the following year. A sketch of this second *Globe* appears in a contemporary map, and from this, from Shakespeare's touch of description, and from what is known generally of the architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth century theatres, it is possible to gain an idea of what the original *Globe* looked like.

There was considerable difference between the private theatre, such as *Blackfriars*, and the public one. The first *Blackfriars* was part of a private house fitted up by the master of the choir school at Windsor as a little theatre, where his boys might give performances under his management. Seating accommodation was limited, and the audience was smaller and, apparently, of less mixed a character than that of the public theatre. The architecture of the latter is reminiscent of the inn-yard where, before they had houses of their own, the players would bring their movable "pageant" or wooden stage and act their drama to those who looked from the windows and balconies of the inn buildings, or crowded round the stage to watch them. Indeed, the "pit" of the theatre was at first called the "yard"; the "boxes" were called the "rooms"; and a signboard, resembling that of the tavern, indicated the name of the theatre. That of the *Globe* showed Hercules bearing the world on his shoulders.

The public theatre was built of wood, and only partially roofed, the rush-strewn "yard" being exposed to the weather. The stage or *scaffold* was what is called an *apron stage*, differing from the *picture stage* common in present-day theatres in that it pro-

jected into the pit. Such a stage allows of no curtain, and the entrances and exits of the actors are not protected, as it were, by wings. There was no scenery in the modern sense, though a "painted cloth" or piece of arras was occasionally used. At the back of the stage was a wooden erection, hollowed out so that it might serve the purpose of a bed, or an arbour, or a tomb, while its upper part might be the city walls, or a balcony, or any place for which the direction "aloft" is given. Stage furniture, though not elaborate, was sufficient—chairs, tables, mossy banks, cauldrons, chariots, and so on, appear to have been easily available. Little or no attempt was made to dress the play according to period, but the costume worn was magnificent. The dramatist Heywood got less for one play than was spent on the gown of the heroine—and this heroine was impersonated by a boy. Actresses were unknown on the stage before the Restoration—all Shakespeare's women's parts were played by boys with their voices yet unbroken.

Each company of actors was licensed to perform in the name of some royal or noble person. Thus we hear of Leicester's men, the Earl of Oxford's men, Nottingham's men, the Queen's players, and so on. From time to time a company would change its designation. The players to whose band Shakespeare belonged were called successively Leicester's, Lord Strange's, the Lord Chamberlain's, and the King's men. With the growth of the popularity of the theatre the actor's salary and social importance increased. There are many envious allusions by contemporary writers to the rich apparel and the "excessive gains" of the players, "glorious vagabonds," as one young university dramatist calls them.

"England affords these glorious vagabonds,
That carried erst their fardles on their backs,

England, etc, Return from Parnassus, V., i.
Erst, Formerly. *Fardles*, Bundles.

Coursers to ride on through the gazing streets,
Sweeping it in their glaring satin suits,
And pages to attend their masterships ;
With mouthing words that better wits had framed,
They purchase lands and now esquires are made."

"MACBETH" IN THE THEATRE

Macbeth is, next to *Hamlet*, the most frequently billed of Shakespeare's tragedies, and yet it has a real stage difficulty, which few modern producers overcome in a way to satisfy critics, in the presentation of the witch scenes. Nowadays the suggestion of the supernatural needs greater subtlety than it did on the mediæval "pageants" and in the Elizabethan theatres. Few members of those early audiences would have been astonished to meet a horned and hoofed devil, or to see a witch fly on her broomstick. Most of those who watched the weird sisters encounter Macbeth on the stage of the *Globe* would be acquainted with wretched old women--

"That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth
And yet are on 't—"

suspected of the pact with the Devil which gave the power of the evil eye, the aid of the "familiar spirit," the control over winds and tempests, and the other qualities of the witch. Many would have been present at the trials of those suspected of sorcery ; some would have seen witches publicly burnt. The year after his succession King James I. passed a new statute to suppress witchcraft. No extraordinarily imaginative interpretation would be needed to impose upon the credulity of such an audience. Three men-actors, made up as "secret, black, and midnight

Pageants, The movable wooden stages on which plays were acted before regular theatres were built.

hags," "withered and wild in their attire," appearing to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning, showing their dreadful trophies, boasting their dreadful deeds, concocting their hell-broth in their cauldron, and weaving their charm about it, would convince spectators who might at any time consider it wise to take precautions against the evil influence of some old crone in their own town or village. But the "judicious" in the modern theatre want something else. That every great man is in advance of his age is a matter of common knowledge. In the representation of these weird sisters Shakespeare has done two things—he has given the Jacobean theatre-goer the witch of popular superstition, and he has suggested the mystery of that shadow of evil across the world which makes human beings, conscious of it but unable to explain it, from time to time believe that it becomes concrete in the form of demon or witch-woman. The modern lover of Shakespeare wants an imaginative stage rendering of mysteriousness. He is not content with the ordinary make-up, the eldritch shrieks of laughter, the blood-curdling voice of the British theatrical witch. The apparition of the weird sisters too often suggests to him a students' rag rather than a manifestation of the blind and dreadful force of evil, which man apprehends and cannot comprehend. Coleridge would have resorted to artificial means to awake credulity, "how much it were to be wished in playing *Macbeth* that an attempt should be made to introduce the flexile character mask of ancient pantomime;—that Flaxman would contribute his genius to the embodying and making sensuously perceptible that of Shakespeare." Other critics would have the first scene played swiftly, with no clear representation of figures, voice calling to voice through the whirlwind; others would not

Flaxman, sculptor and draughtsman, a contemporary of Coleridge. His designs illustrating Homer and Dante are famous.

attempt to stage such things at all. But no one who saw the "wicked Kikimora" in the folk-tale mimed by the Russian ballet can deny the possibility of a human being acting a witch on the stage. To see the actress of the witch in *Hansel and Grethel*, or the actors of the witches in *Macbeth*, after Kikimora and her cat was a strange anti-climax. So obviously they were really human, only pretending. But Kikimora seemed *possessed* with evil. She fretted and trembled with it, it would not let her rest, her movements were stupid and yet sharpened with it; blind and active, senseless and all-pervading, alive, and yet non-vital, it had gnawed away her soul and was turned on itself. On the first seeing, before you recovered from the spell of delusion and looked to find out how it was done, it was indeed supernatural. But, whether it is a matter for pride or regret, such an interpretation is unlikely to be given by an actor trained in the British tradition on a British stage.

The first recorded performance of *Macbeth* is that noted by Simon Forman, who kept a book in which he jotted down accounts of plays he had seen. (See page 124.) He describes the witches rather oddly, as "three women, fairies or nymphs." Two points with regard to the stage business are interesting. Macbeth and Banquo seem to have entered on horseback "riding through a wood" and, at the feast, as Macbeth was "standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him." Forman must have seen Richard Burbage, who played the part of the hero in all Shakespeare's greatest tragedies, as Macbeth.

During the period when the Puritans held sway in England, the London theatres, to which they had always been hostile, were closed. Their reopening, after the Restoration, saw many changes. Women now appeared on the stage, and the innovation was at once acknowledged to be a successful one. But the

parts interpreted by the new actresses of Shakespeare were seldom as he had written them. One of the most curious fashions in stage history, according to modern ideas, is the frequent adaptation of the plays of Shakespeare to suit the taste of the period. Davenant, poet laureate, "revised" *Macbeth*, and a seventeenth-century theatre-goer notes having seen "the tragedy of *Macbeth*, altered by Sir William Davenant; being drest in all its finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines, as flyings for the witches, with all the singing and dancing in it," and adds "being in the nature of an opera, it recompenced double the expence: it proves still a lasting play." Lock composed the music for this new version of *Macbeth*, which is probably that which Pepys, whose *Diary* throws so much light on the tastes and amusements of the time, saw and enjoyed. Once altered, the tragedy underwent strange adventures in transformation. A Thomas Duffett, a milliner, produced a travesty, chiefly of the witch scenes. Hecate and the three witches "commence the most renowned and melodious song of John Dory"; the dreadful accompaniments of thunder and lightning occur "not behind painted tiffany to blind and amuse the senses, but openly, by the most excellent way of mustard-bowl and salt-petre"; Hecate descends "in a glorious chariot adorned with pictures of hell and devils, and made of a large wicker basket." Another version of the play was a puppet-show; another was a ballet d'action.

The great actors Betterton and Quin both played *Macbeth*, but probably not in its real Shakespearean form, generally believed to have been restored to the stage in 1744 by Garrick, who, resplendent in "red coat and silver lace and tiewig," acted the part of the hero. (See page 148.) Mrs. Pritchard, his Lady Macbeth, is supposed to have rendered the part marvellously, but when one hears that she declared

she had never read the whole play, one becomes interested in surly old Dr. Johnson's description of her as a "vulgar idiot." Charles Macklin, in the late eighteenth century, made a new departure by putting the characters into Scottish costume. John Philip Kemble, who succeeded Garrick as the leading English actor of the time, followed Macklin in this respect, and was eager enough for accuracy to accept criticism. Sir Walter Scott tells how "he was delighted when, with our own critical hands, we divested his bonnet of sundry huge bunches of black feathers, which made it look like an undertaker's cushion, and replaced them with the single broad quill-feather of an eagle sloping across his noble brow; he told us afterwards that the change was worth to him three distinct rounds of applause as he came forward in this improved and more genuine headgear." Kemble's sister, Mrs. Siddons, seems to have been a most wonderful Lady Macbeth. "Her peculiar form of genius lent itself naturally to the vivid portraiture of the more terrible features of the character; but her conception of the part was full of subtle and delicate touches." (See pages 148, 149.) Kean, Macready, Phelps, all carried on the serious interpretation of Shakespeare, and played *Macbeth* as it was written. The most discussed Macbeth of the nineteenth century was that of Sir Henry Irving, in a performance which ran for two hundred nights at the Lyceum. Speaking of Ellen Terry, who played Lady Macbeth with him, Sir Edward Burne-Jones said that he could not criticize, he could only remember. Her appearance in the part has been immortalized in Sargent's great picture, which now hangs in the Tate Gallery. In our own century the play has been made familiar in the provinces through the touring companies of Sir Frank Benson, and more lately of Mr. Henry Baynton; Mr. Arthur Bourchier produced an elaborately staged version of it in London some years ago, with

Miss Violet Vanbrugh as Lady Macbeth, and it is of course one of the performances of the company of Miss Lilian Bayliss at the "Old Vic," where, during the last few years, every one of Shakespeare's plays has been acted. It is to be hoped that Miss Sybil Thorndike, the greatest tragic actress of our time, will not only produce *Macbeth*, but will give the provinces a chance of seeing the production.

EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

In Shakespeare's time it was not fashionable for a dramatist to publish his own works. It was not until seven years after his death, in 1623, that two of his fellow-actors, Heming and Condell, collected the plays in one volume, called, from its size, the Folio Edition. During his life, however, many of the plays were piratically published by booksellers, in what are known as *quarto* editions. It has been suggested that these were taken down in the theatre word for word as they were acted, but it is unlikely that, before shorthand was perfected, such a method would have been successful, and probably the publisher-bookseller (there was then no distinction between these trades), would bribe an actor to let him see a copy of the play. These quartos were sold for sixpence in St. Paul's Churchyard.

There are certain differences between these old editions of Shakespeare and the modern ones. Stage directions occur in folios and quartos, but no list of dramatis personæ and no preliminary indication of scene are given. Occasionally a passage of blank verse is printed as prose, or vice versa. Sometimes the meaning of a passage is obscure, but with the correction of a more or less obvious misprint it becomes clear. Other quarto and folio editions of Shakespeare's plays were published during the seventeenth

century. In the eighteenth century the work of editing the text began. Pope, Rowe, Hanmer, Capell, Theobald, Dr. Johnson brought out editions which contain lists of dramatis personæ, indications of where the scene is supposed to take place, and emendations of passages where certain words or phrases appear to be corrupt. Some of these emendations have been found unnecessary, others have been accepted by later scholars and critics. For the chief ones made in the first folio version of *Macbeth* (there is no surviving quarto of this play), see pages 145, 146. Students who are sufficiently advanced to be interested in text questions should examine this version at first hand where possible. There is a facsimile in the library of every big town.

DATE OF THE COMPOSITION OF "MACBETH"

In 1610 a certain Simon Forman gave a description of *Macbeth* in a notebook he kept of plays he had seen. He does not mention its author, but, in spite of one or two discrepancies between his account and the folio version, it is almost certainly Shakespeare's play. Therefore *Macbeth* cannot have been written after 1610. Three years before this an allusion in a play called *The Puritan* (authorship uncertain) suggests a reminiscence of III, iv. " Instead of a jester we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table." This puts the play before 1607. The undoubted references to King James I. in Macbeth's vision of Banquo's descendants, and the touching for king's evil, suggest that the tragedy was produced after he came to the throne of England in 1603. Various allusions in the speech of the porter (to the farmer ruined by the low price of corn, to the trial of the " equivocator " Jesuit, Garnett, for his share in the Gunpowder Plot, and to the fashion of " French hose ") fit the year 1606. The

evidence of the general thought, the style, and the metre of the play, points to this as a likely date. Most scholars accept 1605–1606 as the period of composition.

(Fairly advanced students should notice the most outstanding differences in the style of Shakespeare's early and later plays, such as in the use of prose and rhymed lines; the use of classical allusion, and the changes in structure of blank verse, with the increase of the "run-on" line, the extra syllable at the cæsura, etc.)

THE SOURCE OF THE PLAY

Shakespeare based the tragedy of *Macbeth* on material he took from the *Chronicle of Scotland*, part of the *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, written by Holinshed and published in 1587. He uses not only the stories of the reigns of Duncan and Macbeth, but those of King Duff and King Kenneth, and his Macbeth is not in every respect the Macbeth of history as recorded by Holinshed. Holinshed himself is not, of course, an entirely reliable historian. He wrote before the days of scientific accuracy in dealing with what is known of the past, and careful distinction between probable fiction and ascertained fact. The following is what modern historians generally accept as "true" of the Macbeth of Scotland of the eleventh century.

In 1031, when Malcolm II. of Scotland did homage to Cnut, King of England, one of the chieftains who went with him was Macbeth, his grandson, who had married Gruoch, a widow. (Whether the "Lulach" heard of later was Macbeth's son or stepson is uncertain.) In the following year this Malcolm murdered the head of Gruoch's family, who had a claim to the throne which might be dangerous, as Malcolm had only daughters. When Malcolm himself died, his

grandson Duncan succeeded, and named his son Malcolm Canmore as heir to the crown. Duncan proved to be a weak king. Macbeth, who, not unnaturally, was his enemy, joined forces with the Norwegian Earl of Orkney against him, contrived his murder, and claimed the crown. He reigned well over Scotland, but was not to keep the kingdom. Siward the Earl of Northumbria invaded Scotland in the cause of Malcolm, defeated Macbeth, and proclaimed the son of Duncan as king. Macbeth persisted in resistance, and held out against the new king for four years. Finally he was slain at Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire.

These are the chief points which Shakespeare found in Holinshed, probably his sole authority, though he may have seen the older chronicle of Wyntoun.

The *Chronicle of Duncan* gives the relationship of Macbeth and Duncan, who were cousins, sons of the daughters of Malcolm II. It describes the characters of the two: Duncan is "soft and gentle of nature" and Macbeth "a valiant gentleman, and one that if he had not been somewhat cruel of nature, might have been thought most worthy the government of a realm." "One had too much of clemency, and the other of cruelty." Among the various "seditious commotions" that troubled Duncan's reign, was the rebellion of Macdowald, who gathered a force of malcontents from the western isles, and was joined by a number of kerns and gallowglasses from Ireland. He defeated the royal forces at Lochaber, and was himself defeated at the same place by Macbeth. Later, the Scots under Macbeth vanquished Sweno, the King of Norway. After some time peace was concluded, and the Danes received permission to bury their men. Macbeth and Banquo, journeying to Forres together, encountered the weird sisters, and heard their prophecy. Shortly afterwards the thane of Cawdor was condemned at Forres for treason, and "his lands, livings, and offices were given of the

king's liberality unto Macbeth." It was then that Macbeth, remembering the witches' prophecy, began to "devise how he might attain to the kingdom." Duncan, who was married to the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, appointed his son Malcolm as his successor, and this act increased Macbeth's desire to usurp the crown. And "his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as that she was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of a queen." At last Macbeth having confided in his friends, the chief of which was Banquo, slew Duncan at Inverness. He was proclaimed king, and the sons of Duncan fled to England and to Ireland. According to the *Chronicle of Macbeth*, at first he ruled well, but gradually became a tyrant. Banquo was slain by hired assassins, and Fleance, who had escaped, hearing that his father's death was not by "chance medley," as Macbeth had made it seem, fled to Wales. Macbeth built Dunsinane Castle. Each thane was required to give a certain amount of assistance, and Macduff, although he sent men, refused to come himself, as other thanes had done, for he feared Macbeth. "Certain wizards" had warned the king against Macduff, but the prophecy of a witch that he should never be slain by man born of woman, or vanquished till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane, gave him confidence. His tyranny increased, and Macduff, fearing to lose his life, fled to England to support the claim of Malcolm. Whereupon Macbeth caused his wife and children to be slain. Holinshed tells of the test by which Malcolm proved Macduff's allegiance, of the advance into Scotland, of Macbeth's taking refuge in the castle of Dunsinane, and of the camouflage of Malcolm's men with the branches of Birnam wood. At the sight of their numbers Macbeth fled, and was pursued to Lumphanan, where he was slain by Macduff.

So much for the chronicles of *Duncan* and *Macbeth*.

In the account of the reign of Duff Shakespeare read how Donewald, angered by a royal act of violence to his kinsmen, planned to murder the king, who often visited him at his castle at Forres. He was egged on by his wife, who suggested to him "the means whereby he might soonest accomplish the deed." Duff, on the last evening of a royal visit to Forres, rewarded Donewald, with others, for service done against the rebels. After the king had gone to rest, the two chamberlains feasted with their host and hostess, and ate and drank so heavily that they fell into a fast sleep from which no man could have wakened them. Four of Donewald's servants killed the king, a little before cockcrow, and carried the dead body through a postern gate into the fields. Donewald kept company with the watch, joined in the hue and cry when the murder was discovered, and slew the chamberlains. But some of the lords suspected him. Monstrous sights were seen in the Scottish kingdom that year, the horses in Lothian ate their own flesh, and a sparrow-hawk was strangled by an owl. For six months the sun did not appear by day, or the moon by night, and storms raged, until the people feared destruction.

The *Chronicle of Kenneth* tells of how Kenneth, who slew his nephew, was haunted by voices. "A voice was heard as he was in bed in the night time to take his rest, uttering unto him these or the like words in effect: 'Think not, Kenneth, that the wicked slaughter of Malcolm Duff by thee contrived is kept secret from the knowledge of the eternal God, etc. . . .' The king with this voice being stricken into great dread and terror, passed that night without any sleep coming in his eyes."

In the *Chronicle of Edward the Confessor* (Chronicles of England) the king's power of healing is described, and an account is given of the death of young Siward on the battle-field.

ON THINKING IT OVER

(Foreword to Students)

Probably no literature that you ever read will be of as much value to you as the plays of Shakespeare. They go along with life : no man who shut himself up in a world of books alone ever understood them. They are as inexhaustible as Nature herself : as the sea, the hills, the downs, are always different, and spring never comes or summer goes in the same way twice, a comedy or tragedy of Shakespeare has some new significance for you at every phase of your life. You do not need exceptional literary talent to write interestingly when you write about the play you are studying—there is plenty to say. But one or two things must be borne in mind. Don't write for the sake of writing, filling sheet after sheet with " words, words, words," and disguising the main part of your subject-matter. Resolve upon what that is, and express it clearly and briefly. Make no statement that cannot be justified by reference to the play. Unless you can quote to prove it, it is worthless. If you are writing a connected composition on some aspect of the play, make a plan of your argument before you begin. This is not a dull, but an interesting way of working—and many professional writers follow it. It need not cramp you—probably you will change it as you go on, but compare the scheme of your finished work with that you had originally planned, and see if the alterations made have improved or detracted from the

general effect. It is well worth while to read what great critics have said of the genius of Shakespeare, but read to consider and discuss, not to provide yourself with a set of ready-made opinions—which generally fit the mind adopting them as indifferently as ready-made clothes fit the body.

FOR OLDER STUDENTS

(*Paragraphs marked * should be considered only at a fairly advanced stage in the study of drama.*)

1. In everyday life we use the word " tragedy " to denote many kinds of sorrow and disappointment, and for sudden and violent death. The stories of the four greatest Shakespearean tragedies (*Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*) are all terrible ones, and all end with death. But it cannot be for their stories alone that for more than three centuries these plays have held men spellbound, when the chronicles and novels from which Shakespeare drew them are, by the majority, forgotten. If you see the film version of *Macbeth*, the acting of the plot alone, you will probably find that it gives little of the profound tragic impression of Shakespeare's play. The substance of the tragedy is there ; the spirit, as it were, has gone. " What is tragedy ? " is a question that cannot perhaps be answered by a definition, and, like all questions of the kind, one of eternal interest and significance. After reading and thinking over this play, try to describe to yourself what seems the essence of its tragedy.

2. Of the heroes of Shakespearean tragedy Professor Bradley says, " In almost all we observe a marked one-sidedness, a predisposition in some particular direction ; a total incapacity, in certain circumstances, of resisting the force which draws in this direction ; a

fatal tendency to identify the whole being with one interest, object, passion, or habit of mind. This it would seem, is, for Shakespeare, the fundamental tragic trait." Consider this description of the "tragic trait" with reference to Macbeth.

*3. What the Greek philosopher Aristotle (384–322 B.C.) said of Greek tragedy has been, and probably will be, discussed in every theory of tragedy put forward by any critic of drama in the western world. This is his "definition," as translated by the English poet Dryden in the seventeenth century:—

"Tragedy is the imitation of one entire, great, and probable action, not told but represented, which, by moving in us fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of those two passions in our mind."

This description is comprehensible, but perhaps a good deal of experience of life and in the various emotions excited by the dramatic representation of the tragedy of life is necessary before it is *realized*. Bear it in mind if you are interested in the substance of tragedy—and in the fact that its representation, whether in the "theatre of the mind" or that of reality, does give pleasure.

4. Macbeth is different from the heroes of Shakespeare's other tragedies in that, without any sort of justifiable provocation, he commits crime. And yet, when you read *Othello* and *Lear*, you find that his nature is not as the devilish natures of Iago, Goneril, and Regan. In the operatic version of *Othello* Verdi makes Iago wonder "what monstrous god did give me birth." You do not feel that Macbeth is *monstrous*: he and Lady Macbeth are guilty of crime, but are not inhuman. Why is this?

5. "The witches seem to be introduced for no other purpose than to tell us they are to meet again; and as I cannot discover any advantage resulting from such anticipation, but, on the contrary, think it injurious, I conclude the scene is not genuine" (Seymour).

"The true reason for the first appearance of the witches is to strike the keynote of the character of the whole drama" (Coleridge).

These are two opposite critical judgments—which do you feel to be the "right" one? Find out, if you do not know, which is accepted in the modern theatre.

6. Very seldom does the acting of the witch scenes in *Macbeth* receive a favourable notice from the critics. What do you think are the difficulties in the representing of these weird sisters? Various suggestions as to their entrance have been made. The German critic, Schmidt, thought that "the witches should not be visible when the curtain rises, but should glide on like ghosts." Sir Henry Irving would represent them "as coming out of a thunder-cloud, suggesting that their home is among the dark and tempestuous elements of nature." Others would have them as voices crying from the storm, borne as if by wind across the stage. How do you imagine this scene—and how best would the imaginings of the "theatre of your mind" be adapted for the limited space of the real theatre?

*7. Professor Dowden has an interesting passage about Macbeth's relation to the witches. This is it.

"If we must regard the entire universe as a manifestation of an unknown somewhat which lies behind it, we are compelled to admit that there is an apocalypse of power auxiliary to vice, as really as there is a manifestation of virtuous energy. . . . The history of the race, and the social medium in which we live and breathe, have created forces of good and evil which are independent of the will of each individual man and woman. The sins of past centuries taint the atmosphere of to-day. We move through the world subject to accumulated forces of evil and of good outside ourselves. We are caught up at times upon a stream of virtuous force, a beneficent current which bears us

Apocalypse, Revelation, disclosure.

onwards towards an abiding-place of joy, of purity, and of sacrifice, or a counter-current drifts us towards darkness, and the cold, and death. And therefore no great realist in art has hesitated to admit the existence of what theologians name divine grace, and of what theologians name Satanic temptation. There is, in truth, no such thing as 'naked manhood.' The attempt to divorce ourselves from the large impersonal life of the world, and to erect ourselves into independent wills, is the dream of the idealist. And between the evil within and the evil without subsists a terrible sympathy and reciprocity. There is in the atmosphere a zymotic poison of sin; and the constitution which is morally enfeebled supplies appropriate nutriment for the germs of disease; while the hardy moral nature repels the same germs. Macbeth is infected; Banquo passes by."

Notice that this contradicts the notion that the witches are evil geniuses compelling Macbeth to crime —they have power upon him because he is ready to receive it. Do they suggest the idea of the crime to him? (See Act I, sc. iii., and sc. vii.)

8. Professor Bradley, describing the "atmosphere" of *Macbeth*, says, "Darkness, we may even say blackness, broods over this tragedy." It gives, he continues, the "impression of a black night broken by flashes of light and colour"—the colour of steel and flame and blood. He notices, too, the violence of the images used in the poetic language of the play. Illustrate the truth of this description. How far is it possible to convey this atmosphere on the stage?

9. In Shakespeare's plays one often finds what is known as "dramatic irony." Some phrase has for the audience a second significance, unknown to the speaker. An instance may be taken from *Twelfth Night*, where the Duke, beloved by Viola, who is dis-

Zymotic, Pertaining to fermentation.

guised as a page, and whom he believes to be a boy, asks about her love,—

Duke. What kind of woman is 't ?
Viola. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith ?
Viola. About your years, my lord——

and so on. Often this second sense is an ominous one. When Duncan tells Macbeth " More is thy due than more than all can pay " the audience already guesses that he *is* to pay with " more than all," with life itself.

Mark instances of this dramatic irony as you read the play.

10. Make a character study of Macbeth. Notice his great personal bravery—his ambition—the strength of his " horrible imaginings "—his introspection and self-knowledge—the changes that take place in him (compare his planning of the first and second crimes) —his capacity for remorse—the furious despair of his efforts to establish himself in safety and tranquillity; consider the speech in III. iv., " Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect," and notice to what Macbeth *pretends* to attribute his misery and to what it is *really* due. Where is the sympathy of the audience most completely alienated from him ? Does he to any extent excite sympathy at the end of the play ?

11. Make a character study of Lady Macbeth. Notice her indomitable will-power—read again I. v., I. vii., II. ii., III. iii., III. iv. Does this slacken—is she in a characteristic mood at the end of III. iv. ? Study the revelation of herself in the sleep-walking scene (V. i.).

12. Compare and contrast the characters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Notice the conflict in his mind and the single purpose of hers—compare the soliloquies of Scenes vii. and v. in Act I.—and the

likeness and difference in their imaginative realization of what they are about to do. Compare the substance of her dreadful prayer (I. v.) with his vision of the dagger (II. i.). Contrast their behaviour after the deed is done—she deliberately forces her senses to belittle the sights and sounds of that night, and he abandons himself to the horror which he apprehends with the completeness of an imaginative man. Where in this scene does she show that she too is suffering mental torture? When the crime is discovered, who best gives the impression of innocence? In III. ii. compare the feeling of her little soliloquy "Nought's had, all's spent" (she does not express this feeling in his presence), with that of the lines "Better be with the dead . . . ecstasy." Notice that Macbeth at once gives way to the expression of the horrors that torture him—it is not until she is unconscious that we know what is in her mind. Consider the significance of the manner of their deaths—of her Malcolm says,—

> "Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
> Took off her life":

he fights until he falls. Look again at his proud, desperate words at the end of V. v.

*13. One of the most original of modern dramatists, the Italian Pirandello, makes a character of his speak of the difficulty of *realizing* a character created for the stage. "Each one of us has within him a whole world of things, each man of us his own special world. And how can we ever come to an understanding if I put in the words I utter the sense and value of things as I see them; while you who listen to me must inevitably translate them according to the conception of things each of you has within himself. . . ." "When a character is born, he acquires at once such an independence, even of his own author, that he can be imagined by everybody even in many other situations where the

author never dreamed of placing him ; and so he acquires for himself a meaning which the author never thought of giving him."

You have probably noticed, from reading, from seeing the play acted or illustrated, and from class discussion, very different conceptions of the characters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Describe some of these, and compare them with your own. You will find that certain of them command your interest, if not your agreement—others seem futile, hardly worth consideration. What qualities do you think are essential to a satisfactory rendering of these two great tragic characters? And why exactly do you think that a rendering which displeased you was "wrong"?

14. Which are the minor characters of this play? Are they all clearly differentiated?

15. Of Macbeth Hazlitt says, "He is tempted to the commission of guilt by golden opportunities, by the instigations of his wife, and by prophetic warnings." Describe each of these, showing exactly how far each prevails upon Macbeth, and which is the strongest.

16. Study the working of the mysterious power we call "imagination" in the characters of Lady Macbeth and Macbeth. To him his "horrible imaginings" become reality before they are so—"nothing is but what is not." Read again I. iii., II. i., II. ii., III. iv. As he steps deeper into crime the direness of his thought startles him no longer. Read V. v., "I have almost forgot the taste of fears." He has always abandoned himself to the fantasy of his imagination—it seems to wear itself out. But she tries to compel hers to serve her will—read again her prayer to the "spirits that tend on mortal thoughts." She believes that she can make it disguise reality to herself and her husband, and struggles to the end to force it to do this—only to discover and be destroyed by its awful power.

17. "Macbeth is described by Lady Macbeth so as at the same time to reveal her own character." Illustrate the truth of this remark of Coleridge's.

18. Contrast the evil of Lady Macbeth and Macbeth, human beings, with that of the witches, who are supernatural.

19. Make a character study of Banquo, and consider the idea that he is more truly the victim of the witches than is Macbeth. (Read again I. iii., II. i., II. iii., III. i., and notice the significance of the guarded talk between him and Macbeth in II. i., and of the soliloquy in III. i.).

20. The supernatural is sometimes introduced into drama for the mere purpose of providing a thrill, of making the blood run cold. Shakespeare never uses it in this purely sensational way—while it is part of the "mystery of things," suggesting that awe and fear of the unknown to which not even our scientific age can be indifferent (see Dowden's passage quoted on page 132), it also has a definite function in the play. When you read more Elizabethan and Jacobean drama you will discover that it is often possible for a stage manager to "cut" a few ghosts or devils or witches without interfering with the fabric of the plot. Show how the witch scenes and the apparition of the ghost of Banquo are part of the action (the development of events) in *Macbeth*, and, if you have read *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar*, compare the part played by the supernatural in these tragedies.

21. A play, like a story, must have its beginning, middle, and end. The technical terms for these, with regard to a tragedy, are the *exposition*, the *conflict* (which rises to a *crisis*), and the *catastrophe*. Sometimes that part of the play between the crisis and the catastrophe is called the *counteraction*.

The exposition introduces the chief personages of the play, suggests their dominant characteristics and their relation to one another, and conveys enough of

their history to make what is to come intelligible. Some conflict is foreshadowed. Coleridge points out that the first scene strikes a spiritual keynote, giving the "atmosphere" of the play.

Illustrate this from the early scenes of *Macbeth*.

The conflict is in many ways the most interesting part of the tragedy. It is this which differentiates a great tragedy from a mere sordid story of bloodshed and horror. The central figure of the tragedy, the "protagonist," is brought into contact with some enemy—sometimes, as in the case of Othello, so subtly that he does not realize it until defenceless against him. This "external conflict," as it is technically called, does not manifest itself until after the crisis in *Macbeth*—you will see that he, the guilty man, creates, as it were, his own enemies. Who are these, which is chief among them, and where is his hostility first hinted at? Trace the struggle between Macbeth and this man to the final catastrophe of the battle.

Another kind of conflict is almost at once apparent. Macbeth is a man at war with himself. He is not possessed by a single purpose—he is never free from "doubts and fears." Describe this "conflict" in him.

Where do you think the crisis, or turning-point of the play, occurs? After it, of course, in tragedy, the fortunes of the hero are on the downward grade. You know that he will be unable to prevail, to build the fabric of his life firmly again, to achieve "success."

Show the fluctuations of the conflict from the crisis to the catastrophe.

22. Could Shakespeare, planning the play slightly differently, have brought forward yet another character as antagonist to Macbeth? Who would this have been, and whom would he have desired to avenge?

23. Aristotle (see page 131), discussing tragedy, laid down certain "rules" which have exercised critics more or less ever since. These "rules" were not, of

course, propounded as deliberate recipes for writing plays: they were based on the examination of a very great drama, that of Greece. Whatever ideas of culture one may have, no Greek theory of art is negligible. As you study drama and what has been written about it you will come across Aristotle again and again, and the ruling with regard to construction that will be of most frequent occurrence is that of the *Unities*—of action, place, and time. According to the first, a drama should deal with the development of a single action (which excludes the use of "sub-plot"). The second insists on an unchanged scene; the third that the time of the action of the play should be about equivalent to that of its representation on the stage. Can you see what artistic idea underlies these unities? Did Shakespeare usually observe them? If you have begun to read French classical drama, compare him with Corneille and Racine in this respect. Which of the unities seems most important? Which, if any, does he observe in *Macbeth*? Notice the practice of modern dramatists (who no longer discuss the unities) in this respect.

*24. In Milton's list of a hundred and two dramatic subjects the story of this play is included. He meant to begin with the arrival of Malcolm at the castle of Macduff. If you have studied the epic of *Paradise Lost*, and know the way in which epic narrative generally moves (beginning, you will remember, *in medias res*, in the middle of things), make a scheme of the possible arrangement of the story of *Macbeth*, as it might be told in twelve books, the division of *Paradise Lost*.

25. It has been argued by various critics:—

(*a*) That Lady Macbeth does not really faint (in II. iii.) but only pretends to faint. (The stage direction "Lady Macbeth is carried out," found in most editions of Shakespeare after "Look to the lady," does not occur in the First Folio.)

(*b*) That Banquo's ghost (III. i.) is not "real," but an hallucination.

(*c*) That the witches in I. iii. and in IV. i. are not the same—those in I. being "fates" or "destinies," those in IV. the witches of Elizabethan popular belief.

Why do you think these theories were put forward? Do you agree with them?

26. Consider these points in the play:—

(*a*) The description of Cawdor in I. ii., as in league with Norway against Duncan, compared with Macbeth's words about him to the witches in I. iii.

(*b*) The introduction of Hecate in III. v. and in IV. i. Notice any difference between the rhythm and the poetic fancies of the Hecate speeches and of those of the rest of the witch scenes.

(*c*) Macduff's action in leaving Scotland without safeguarding his wife and children.

(*d*) The purpose of Malcolm's self-accusation in IV. i.

(*e*) The compliment to James I. in the account of Edward the Confessor's touch for "king's evil."

27. What are the difficulties of representing a battle on the stage? Notice that Shakespeare's way is to give a series of little dramatic episodes—he does not, of course, attempt to show the charges of the older kind of warfare—which the modern kinema can do and the stage can't. Describe these episodes so as to bring out their movement and variety. What do the modern actors of Macduff and Macbeth need to learn before the last scene is really effective? Would Jacobean actors be more skilful in this respect than those of the present day?

28. Show on a rough sketch map of Scotland where the various events of the play are fabled to have taken place.

29. What do you think of the following criticism:—

"This low soliloquy of the Porter . . . I believe to have been written for the mob by some other hand,

perhaps with Shakespeare's consent ; and that finding it take, he with the remaining ink of a pen otherwise employed, just interpolated the words, ' I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.' "

Coleridge, whose opinion this is, also says :—

" With the exception of the disgusting passage of the Porter there is not, to the best of my remembrance a single pun or play on words in the whole drama."

Was his remembrance right ?

30. In your English language lessons—

(*a*) Point out the difference of the Elizabethan compared with the modern usages of these words—and where possible, show what connection there is between these uses : Admire, affection, approve, battle, censure, composition, convince, dear, ecstasy, faculty, fantastical, favour, goodness, grooms, illness, metaphysical, modern, nice, notion, owe, power, proper, sightless, solemn, still, suggestion, trains, weird, worm.

(*b*) Look up the derivation of these words : bonfire, brinded (modern form, " brindled "), epicure, graymalkin, harbinger, limbec (alembic), magot-pie, thane, wassail.

(*c*) Note the meaning of these common Elizabethan words and expressions : anon, antic, aroint, avaunt, beldame, benison, betimes, botch, clepe, coign, dudgeon, fell, flaw (in the sense in which Lady Macbeth uses it in III. iv.), foison, gallowglass, harness (in the sense in which Macbeth uses it in V. v.), God 'ild you, kern, line, minion, nonpareil, paddock, patch, penthouse, posset, sennet, sirrah, skipping, skirr, sliver, sooth, wassail, weal.

(*d*) Find out with what customs, sports, or games, the following words and expressions are connected : hoodwink, mate, quarry, rub, seeling, champion me to the utterance.

31. How would a modern man, talking in ordinary prose, say these things :—

(*a*) "Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition." (Ross, reporting on the battle in I. ii.)

(*b*) "So I still keep my bosom franchised." (Banquo, answering Macbeth's suggestion in II. i.)

(*c*) "I will put that business in your bosoms." (Macbeth, to the murderers, in III. i.)

(*d*) "The very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand." (Macbeth's resolution after the vision shown him by the witches in IV. i.)

(*e*) "Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach." (Angus, in V. ii., talking of the troubles which beset Macbeth.)

*32. In the seventeenth century Davenant altered the tragedy of *Macbeth* to a form in which it long held the stage. These are some of the changes he made. Discuss them in comparison with the original play.

(1) Lady Macbeth is shown in conversation with Lady Macduff before the letter soliloquy.

(2) "What hands are here! Can the sea afford
Water enough to wash away the stains?
No, they would sooner add a tincture to
The sea, and turn the green into a red."
(See page 45.)

(3) *Macbeth.* "Ere to black Hecate's summons
The sharp-brow'd beetle with his drowsy hums,
Has rung night's second peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What is't?
Macbeth. Be innocent of knowing it, my dear,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, dismal night!
Close up the eye of the quick-sighted day
With thy invisible and bloody hand,
The crow makes wing to the thick shady grove,
Good things of day grow dark and overcast,
Whilst night's black agents to their preys make haste.
Thou wonder'st at my language, wonder still!
Things ill begun strengthen themselves by ill."
(See page 62.)

(4) "Dire business will be wrought ere noon,
For on a corner of the moon,
A drop my spectacles have found,
I'll catch it ere it come to ground."

(See page 71.)

(5) The sleep-walking scene is cut.

(6) "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day,
To the last minute of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools,
To their eternal homes: out, out, that candle!

(See page 101.)

(7) Lady Macbeth is taken prisoner, after advising Macbeth to resign the crown, thus:—

"You may in peace resign the ill-gained crown.
Why should you labour still to be unjust?
There has been too much blood already spilt,
Make not your subjects victims to your guilt."

Davenant sometimes works on Shakespeare's lines; sometimes he invents for himself. This is one of his *new* passages of poetry:—

"Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death,
Sometimes like brinded cats we show,
Having no music but our mew,
Sometimes we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stones, and wheel,
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,
Where still the mill clack does keep time,
Sometimes about an hollow tree,
A round, a round, a round dance we,
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetle singing drowsy hums,
Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furs,
To howls of wolves, and barks of curs.
And when with none of these we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet,

At the night raven's dismal voice,
Whilst others tremble, we rejoice ;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still
To th' echoes from an hollow hill."

33. The difficulty of translating some masterpiece of poetic literature from one language into another has often been commented on. Why is it so difficult—impossible, some critics would say—and why is it easier to translate prose than poetry ? What would be the qualifications of an ideal translator ? This is how the Porter scene appears in Schiller's version of *Macbeth* (the re-translation from the German is that of the " Variorum " Shakespeare). Read it and look again at the original.

Porter [*singing*] The gloomy night is past and gone,
The lark sings clear ; I see the dawn,
With heaven its splendour blending,
Behold the sun ascending :
His light, it shines in royal halls,
And shines alike through beggar's walls,
And what the shades of night concealed
By his bright ray is now revealed.
[*Knocking.*
Knock ! knock ! have patience there, whoe'er it be,
And let the porter sing his morning song,
'Tis right God's praise should usher in the day ;
No duty is more urgent than to pray.

[*Singing*] Let songs of praise and thanks be swelling
To God who watches o'er this dwelling,
And with his hosts of heavenly powers
Protects us in our careless hours,
Full many an eye has closed this night
Never again to see the light.
Let all rejoice who now can raise
With strength renewed, to Heaven their gaze.
[*He unlocks the gate.*

The whole of Schiller's version is not so far from Shakespeare as this. What English critic might have

approved the departure from the original, in this passage ?

34. Compare the metrical arrangement of the following passages, which follows the printing of the First Folio, with that which you will find on pages 28, 19, 57.

(*a*) " Give me your favour :
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten,
Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered,
Where every day I turn the leaf,
To read them.
Let us toward the king : think upon
What hath chanced : and at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other."

(*b*) *All.* " Paddock calles anon : fair is foul and foul is fair :
Hover through the fog and filthy air."

(*c*) " To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus.
Our fears in Banquo stick deep,
And in his royalty of nature reigns that
Which would be feared. Tis much he dares," etc.

35. Discuss the value of the following emendations made by commentators in the text of the First Folio :—

FOLIO	EMENDATIONS
I. iii. page 20. Of kerns and *gallowgrosses* is supplied.	. . . *gallowglasses* . . . (Steevens).
page 21. And fortune, on his *quarry* smiling.	. . . *quarrel* . . . (Johnson).
page 21. Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders.	Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders *break* (Pope).
page 21. Discomfort *swelled.*	Discomfort *swells* (Pope).
I. iii., page 24. The *wayward* sisters.	The *weird* sisters (Theo-

Folio	Emendations
page 24.	bald, following Holinshed).
How far is it called to *Soris ?*	. . . *Forres ?* (Pope).
page 26.	
As thick as *tale*	. . . *hail*
Can post with post.	*Came* . . . (Rowe).
I. vi., page 34.	
The temple-haunting *barlet.*	. . . *martlet* (Rowe).
page 34.	
Where they *must* breed.	. . . *most* . . . (Rowe).
I. vii., page 36.	
This bank and *school* of time.	. . . *shoal* . . . (Theobald).
II. i., page 42.	
Thou *sowre* and firm-set earth.	. . . *sure* . . . (Pope).
Hear not my steps, which *they may* walk.	. . . *way they* . . . (Rowe).
II. ii., page 44.	
Sleeve of care.	*Sleave* . . . (Seward).
III. ii., page 61.	
We have *scorch'd* the snake.	. . . *scotch'd* . . . (Theobald).
IV. i., page 76.	
Nature's *germaine.*	. . . *germens* (Theobald).
IV. ii., page 83.	
Thou *shag-eared* villain.	. . . *shag-haired* . . . (Steevens).
IV. iii., page 92.	
This *time* goes manly.	. . . *tune* . . . (Rowe).

36. Study Shakespeare's rearrangement of the material he found in Holinshed (see page 126).

37. Consider the following interpretations and points in the interpretation of the great parts of this tragedy on the stage :—

(1) Ellen Terry on Irving :—

" When I think of his Macbeth, I remember him most distinctly in the last act of the battle, when he looked like a great famished wolf, weak with the weakness of a giant exhausted, spent as one whose exertions

have been ten times as great as those of commoner men of rougher fibre and coarser strength. . . . Once more he suggested" (in the speech "Of all men else I have avoided thee") "as he only could suggest, the power of Fate. Destiny seemed to hang over him, and he knew that there was no hope, no mercy."

(2) R. L. Stevenson on Salvini :—

"Salvini sees nothing great in Macbeth beyond the royalty of muscle and that courage which comes of strong and copious circulation. The moral smallness of the man is insisted on from the very first in the shudder of uncontrollable jealousy with which he sees Duncan embracing Banquo. . . . He arrives with Banquo on the heath, fair and red-bearded, sparing of gesture, full of pride and the animal sense of well-being, and satisfied after the battle like a beast who has eaten his fill. But in the fifth act there is a change. This is still the big, burly, fleshly, handsome-looking thane, here is still the same face which in earlier acts could be superficially good-humoured and sometimes royally courteous. But now the atmosphere of blood which pervades the whole tragedy has entered into the man and subdued him to its own nature ; and an indescribable degradation, a slackness and puffiness has overtaken his whole features. . . . A contained fury and disgust possesses him. He taunts the messenger and the doctor as people would taunt their mortal enemies. . . . When the news of Lady Macbeth's death is brought him, he is staggered and falls into a seat ; but somehow it is not anything that we could call grief that he displays. The speech that follows, given with a tragic cynicism in every word, is a dirge not so much for her as for himself."

(3) Fitzgerald on Garrick :—

He "threw a certain dejected air" over the part of Macbeth, "instead of the daring and intrepidity, and perhaps cant and bluster of the older conception." In the scene after the murder his acting could not

be surpassed. "The beginning of the scene . . . was conducted in terrifying whispers. . . . The expression of despair and agony and horror, as Garrick looked at his bloody hands, was long remembered. His face seemed to grow whiter every instant."

(4) Lady Martin, describing Macready's praise of her rendering of the sleep-walking scene :—

"I gave the idea of sleep disturbed by fearful dreams, but still it was sleep. It was to be seen even in my walk, which was heavy and inelastic, marking the distinction between the muffled voice and seeming mechanical motion of the somnambulist, and the wandering mind and quick fitful gestures of a maniac, whose very violence would wake her from the deepest sleep." Macready added, "O, my child, where did you get that long-drawn sigh ? What can you know of such misery as that sigh speaks of ? "

(5) Mrs. Pritchard played Lady Macbeth as a "human monster, and the evil genius of her husband's soul." She always declared that she had never read the whole play.

(6) Sheridan wanted Mrs. Siddons to play the part of Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene with a candle, but she disputed this, wanting to wash off the blood with vehemence—and got her own way.

(7) Mrs. Siddons, herself dark and piercing-eyed, declared that Lady Macbeth should be fair, feminine, fragile, and blue-eyed, for "such a combination only, respectable in energy and strength of mind, and captivating in feminine loveliness, could have composed a charm of such potency as to fascinate the mind of a hero so dauntless, a character so amiable, so honourable, as Macbeth."

(8) Mrs. Jameson says that Mrs. Siddons "adopted successively three different intonations in giving the words 'We fail.'" (See page 38.) At first, as a quick contemptuous interrogation. Afterwards with the note of admiration, and an accent of indignant

astonishment, laying the emphasis on " we." Lastly " *We fail,*" with the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone which settled the issue at once—as though she had said, " If we fail, why then we fail, and all is over."

(9) Ellen Terry on the staging of the Lyceum production, her dress, and her acting : " The whole thing is Rossetti—rich stained-glass effects. I play some of it well, but, of course, I don't do what I want to do yet. . . . Oh, it's fun, but it's precious hard work, for I by no means make her ' a gentle lovable woman ' as some of 'em say. . . . She was nothing of the sort, although she was *not* a fiend, and *did* love her husband. I have to what is vulgarly called ' sweat at it ' each night."

38. Some Shakespearean scholars believe that the play of *Macbeth* as it appears in the Folio—there is no quarto edition—is an abridged version of what Shakespeare originally wrote. There seems, they think, confusion about the thane of Cawdor—Macbeth's words about him to the witches in I. iii. coming strangely from a man who had just won a victory over the enemy whom he had aided. Has Macbeth heard Duncan's sentence of death upon Cawdor at the time of meeting with the witches ? Is it possible that he may not have known that Cawdor was allied in some way with the Norwegians ? (Ross tells the king definitely that he was, but does not say how ; Angus knows it, but is uncertain what kind of help he gave.) Shakespeare uses a common and necessary dramatic compression in this rebellion episode, moulding into one the rising of Macdowald supported by the men of the western isles and the kerns and gallowglasses of Ireland, the war with Sweno the Scandinavian king, and the treason of Cawdor. All his use for the battlefield is that it should show the Macbeth who is to become the loathed tyrant in a heroic light, winning " golden opinions from all sorts of people."

There is, however, no doubt that the *Macbeth* of the First Folio was carelessly printed, or taken from a copy full of errors. Often verse is printed in meaninglessly irregular lines, or as prose; the punctuation needs constant rearrangement to bring out the sense of a passage; and many necessary emendations have been made in the text itself—also many that are not necessary. (See page 145.) The stage directions, too, are sometimes badly placed. Critics and scholars are almost unanimously agreed that those witch scenes enclosed in brackets in this edition are not Shakespeare's. Notice the introduction of a new and unnecessary character in their queen, as late as the middle of the play, and the interesting stage direction, curiously changed by many editors, "Enter Hecate with *the other* three witches," for the un-Shakespearean song and dance. Study the metrical tune of Hecate's speech compared with that of IV. i. 39. Compare Hecate's magic, the catching and distilling of the vaporous drop profound that hangs on the corner of the moon, with the concocting of the hell-broth in IV. i., and the picture of the witches singing and dancing "like elves and fairies in a ring" with that suggested by Shakespeare in I. i. and iii. The songs indicated in the stage directions occur in a play called *The Witch*, by Middleton, and were afterwards used, with some slight alterations, by Davenant in his "revised" *Macbeth*.

These are the songs in full:—

COME AWAY

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away!
Hecate. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?
Voice above. Here.

Hecate. Where's Puckle ?
Voice above. Here ;
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too ;
We lack but you, we lack but you.
Come away, make up the count.
Hecate. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
[*A spirit like a cat descends.*
Voice above. There's one comes down to fetch his dues,
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood ;
And why thou stay'st so long
I muse, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.
Hecate. O, art thou come ?
What news, what news ?
Spirit. All goes still to our delight :
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
Hecate. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight.
Firestone. Hark, hark, the cat sings a brave treble in her own language.
Hecate [*going up*]. Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I,
O what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss !
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steep towers and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits :
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds ;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat our height can reach.
Voices above. No ring of bells, etc.

BLACK SPIRITS

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may !
Titty, Tiffin,
Keep it stiff in ;

Firestone, The son of Hecate.

Firedrake, Puckey,
Make it lucky;
Liard, Robin,
You must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about!
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

First Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.
Hecate. Put in that, O put in that!
Second Witch. Here's libbard's-bane.
Hecate. Put in again.
First Witch. The juice of toad, the oil of adder.
Second Witch. Those will make the younker madder.
Hecate. Put in—there's all—and rid the stench.
Firedrake. Nay, here's three ounces of the red-haired wench.
All the Witches. Round, around, around, etc.

FOR YOUNGER BOYS AND GIRLS

(*After reading an Act, see if you have noticed and know these things.*)

I

What makes one interested in Macbeth before he appears on the stage? In what way has he served his king and country? In Scene vii. he tells his wife that he has won golden opinions from all sorts of people. Who are these people, and what do they say about him? What ill have the witches recently worked on human beings, and what fresh mischief do they plan? What is meant by a "familiar spirit," the "evil eye"? Have you read any other stories, poems, or plays about witches? If you have, in what way do they resemble and differ from Shakespeare's weird sisters? What does Macbeth mean by "horrible imaginings," and how do they affect him? How does Lady Macbeth describe the character of her husband? What does her description of him suggest

of her own character? Does she know him well? Would she pray to the spirits of murder to help her if she were certain of her own power to do the terrible deed? Notice how, when the two meet, she addresses him, and he her. A soliloquy, or speech spoken to oneself, does not seem a very natural thing. What would take the place of the soliloquies of Lady Macbeth in Scene v. and Macbeth in Scene vii. if *Macbeth* were in narrative instead of dramatic form, a story instead of a play? Why are these soliloquies necessary in this play? Look at Scene vii. after the entrance of Lady Macbeth. You will see that Macbeth tells her quite definitely—"We will proceed no further in this business." Now look at the end of the scene, and see how he has changed. Read again the conversation of the two—it is brief and hurried, spoken in low tones, in an ante-room of the hall where Duncan feasts—and see by what arguments she prevails against him. What proof have we that Macbeth had thought of murdering Duncan before his wife had, and before the meeting with the witches?

Learn the passages beginning—

"I will drain him dry as hay" (Scene iii., page 24).

"Nothing in his life" (Scene iv., page 29).

"Glamis thou art" (Scene v., page 32).

"If it were done" (Scene vii., page 36).

Think carefully of how these passages should be spoken, and speak them as well as you can.

Learn by heart the meaning of these words, which you will find in other plays of Shakespeare: Kerns, gallowglasses, minion, sooth, proof, composition, penthouse, fantastical, post, suggestion, harbinger, fell, coign, quell, alarum.

Make a map of Scotland, in rough outline, and show Forres, Inverness, Fife, St. Colme's Inch, the Western Isles. Notice the relative positions of Scandinavia and Ireland to Scotland.

Draw Macbeth and Banquo meeting with the three witches, or the witches hovering through the air.

Express in your own words the description of where the martins like to build (Scene vi., page 34). "This guest of summer . . . delicate."

II

In what mood is Banquo at the opening of this Act? What suggestion does Macbeth make to him, and how is it received? How is the strength of the "horrible imaginings" of which Macbeth speaks in Act I. shown in this Act? How do you think Macbeth would say the famous line, "Is this a dagger which I see before me?"—in hysterical horror, or almost calmly, the horror beginning with "I have thee not, and yet I see thee still?" What signs are there in Scene ii. that Lady Macbeth does not regard the crime cold-bloodedly, as a "human fiend" (as she has been called) would do? Contrast the ways in which Macbeth and Lady Macbeth speak of the sounds about the castle on that night, and the washing of the blood of the murdered king from their hands. When Macbeth says "I'll go no more," does Lady Macbeth try to bend his will to hers? What do you think has made a great critic say that the porter is out of place just where he comes in the play? But what is he pretending to be and do? There is a grimness in the fact that he is nearer the truth than he realizes—henceforward the minds of these guilty two are to know remorse more bitter than the torments of hell. Notice the different ways in which Macbeth and Lady Macbeth receive the "news" of the murder. Why did Macbeth kill the king's grooms? Why do Malcolm and Donalbain flee—and why is this a stroke of fortune for Macbeth? Notice the attitude of Banquo and Macduff towards Macbeth.

ON THINKING IT OVER

Learn the passages beginning—

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?" (Scene i., page 41).

"Methought I heard a voice" (Scene ii., page 44).

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood" (Scene ii., page 45).

Learn what these words mean: Husbandry, largess, franchised, posset, addressed, auger-hole.

Put in your map—Scone, Colmekill (Iona).

Say in your own words, quite simply, without any figure of speech, what these two passages mean:—

"The wine of life . . . brag of" (Scene iii., page 50).

"Our fate . . . seize us" (Scene iii., page 51).

III

In the last Act Banquo makes a fine vow—

> "In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
> Against the undivulged pretence I fight
> Of treasonous malice."

Does he know that Macbeth is guilty? Does he carry out this vow? Why does Macbeth resolve to murder Banquo? Why does he seem more detestable when planning this crime? In what words do Macbeth and Lady Macbeth express the torment of mind they suffer—she to herself, he to her? Has his attitude towards her changed in any way? How is the escape of Fleance connected with the prophecy of the witches? Does Macbeth really see the ghost of Banquo—or does he imagine he sees it? Do you think it should be shown on the stage? How does Lady Macbeth try to save her husband from self-betrayal to his guests? Does she succeed? Notice how still she is after the guests have gone—she does not taunt or reproach him: she hardly speaks. What do you think this shows? You will see what a

desperate state of mind Macbeth is in at the end of Scene iii. Look again at his dreadful resolution to make all subserve "his own good." Compare what he says at the end of Scene iv.

Sometimes a usurper governs a country well—what lines indicate the tyranny of Macbeth? What sign is there that retribution for his crimes is at hand?

Express in your own words the general idea of the speech beginning "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men" (page 58).

Irony is praise intended for blame. Show where Lennox speaks ironically on page 72.

Learn by heart the passages beginning—

"Thou hast it now" (page 55).

"To be thus is nothing" (page 57).

"We have scotched the snake" (page 61).

Learn what these words mean: Sirrah, temper, clept, addition, ecstasy, seeling, anon, nonpareil, passion, flaws, admired, security.

IV

What do the three apparitions conjured up by the witches tell Macbeth? What vision horrifies him, and why? Why does he resolve to slay Macduff; how is his purpose balked; what horrible crime does he then resolve to commit? Notice how natural and charming little Macduff is—when you read *A Winter's Tale* and *Coriolanus* you will come across other little boys of the same kind—Mamillius and Marcius. Notice how differently Lady Macduff speaks of her husband to Ross and to the murderers. What pretence does Malcolm make to Macduff? If Macduff had really been a treacherous spy, eager to ingratiate himself with the prince at all costs, what would his attitude have been towards Malcolm's "confession"? How does he take it? Notice how Malcolm, Macduff,

and Ross speak of Macbeth, and compare what they say of him with the "golden opinions" expressed early in Act I.

Try to put in your own words—

(*a*) From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.

(*b*) I pray you
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties.

("Jealousies" means "suspicious fears.")

Learn the meaning of these words (as used by Shakespeare): Bodements, boltered, jealousy, affection, foison, trains, anon, assay, modern, heavy.

V

What new light does the "sleep-walking scene" throw on Lady Macbeth's character? Look back at II. ii., and contrast the dreadful memory "Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?" and the obsession of her stained hand, "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand," with her apparently casual and unimaginative words about the dead king and the washing of his blood from their hands. This, and II. ii., are two of the most marvellous scenes that Shakespeare wrote.

Show from this Act Macbeth's mood of furious irritability, almost like madness, the change in him, which he himself realizes, in his indifference to dreadful things, and the bitter misery of his thoughts about life. How does he receive the news of his wife's death? In what way is a certain sympathy for him aroused? Notice the many scenes, the movement and variety of the battle.

Learn by heart—

" I have lived long enough " (Scene iii., page 98).

" To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow " (Scene v., page 101).

Learn by heart the meanings of these words (as used by Shakespeare) : Mated, dear, power, mortified, patch, moe, skirr, dispatch (as verb), fell (adj.), cling, harness.

Find out where Birnam and Dunsinane are and mark them in your map. Also look up Lumphanan, where, according to the *History* of Holinshed, Macbeth fled before Macduff, and was finally defeated and slain.

What does Shakespeare mean when he says that " unrough youths protest their first of manhood " on the field of battle ; " more needs she the divine than the physician " (of Lady Macbeth) ; that Macbeth's " way of life is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf " ? Why should a Scot at that time naturally speak of the " English epicures " ? Why does Macbeth call the witches " juggling fiends " ? What metaphor in this Act makes one remember that Shakespeare was an actor ?

Draw the fight between Macduff and Macbeth.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT
THE PRESS OF THE PUBLISHERS

1708

1708